

ROGUE WARRIOR: Super SEAL In Fantasy Land

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MAGO AUTOPSIES

By Col. David Hackworth

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MAGAZINE

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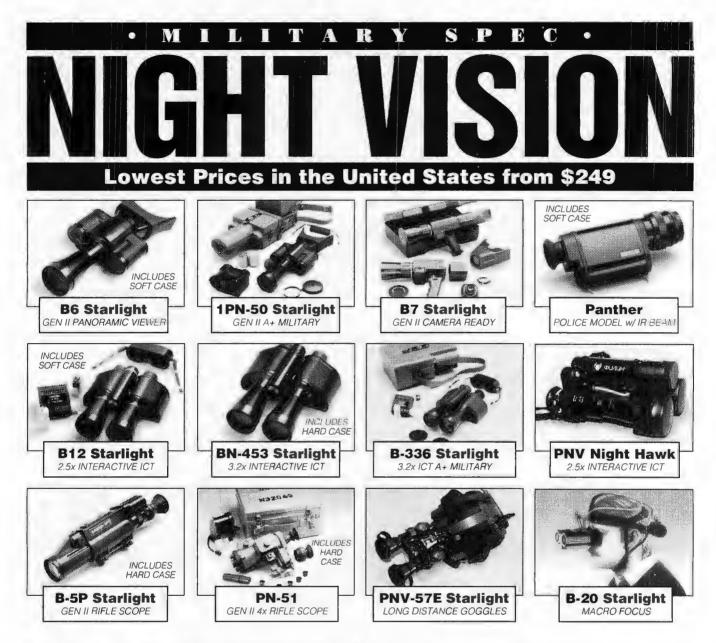
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Protect Your Gun Rights – Vote In The NRA Board Of Directors Elections

by Robert K. Brown

I am endorsing the following individuals for election to the NRA Board of Directors this year:

Col. Rex Applegate Robert K. Brown David I. Caplan Dr. James W. Carlson Col. Jeff Cooper

I am supporting these specific individuals as I feel they can best

contribute to directing the National Rifle

Association in these trying times. By

the time you read this, we may well

Manuel Fernandez Gen. Joe Foss Max W. Goodwin Steve Hornady Phillip B. Journey

Neal Knox Herbert A. Lanford Joseph E. Olson Al Rubega Thomas L. Washington

1% of crimes committed with guns.

If, in fact, the anti-gunners were sincere in their belief that elimination of private ownership of guns would reduce crime, then why didn't they have the balls to go after handguns? You don't

know how successful Slick Willie has been in his insidious effort to circumscribe our gun rights.

Unfortunately, too many hunters and competitive shooters cannot see how the Feinstein amendment — banning a multitude of "assault weapons" and magazines holding more than 10 rounds each — is just the beginning of an obvious effort to

eliminate all guns. Slick Willie has stated that the only reason he hasn't gone after a ban on handguns is because "... the public is not yet ready."

The anti-gunners and liberal media have bamboozled a large portion of the American public into believing "assault weapons" are responsible for violence in America, even though FBI statistics prove that said weapons are used in less than



have to be a rocket scientist to come up with the answer: political expediency. They know, as does Slick Willie, that the American public " isn't ready."

But when the gun-grabbers think they have brainwashed enough sheep, you can bet they'll go after all handguns — and

then your hunting rifles, competitive guns and shotguns.

The NRA, buffeted and battered by the balderdash served up by the media and limp-wristed liberal elite, remains the only hope we have. If you truly believe in our Second Amendment, if you want to keep your guns — even if you don't own "assault weapons" you'd best join the NRA — NOW! 🛪

JOIN THE NRA BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! Robert KBron

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SOF

VOL. 19 NO. 3 MARCH 1994

FEATURES



A Dirty Little Corps - page 48

ONE FLEW THROUGH

A DIRTY LITTLE CORPS



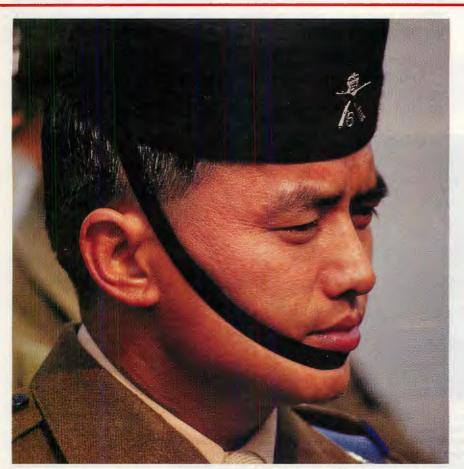
Trophy Trek – page 36

Photo: courtesy Galen Geer

Photo: DoD



COLUMNS



Rent-A-Gurkha- page 30

Photo: courtesy S.W. MacKenzie

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Parting Shot

COVER

With Third World punch-ups and American isolationism chronic – and "peacekeeping" obsolete – Uncle Sam might consider inducting some foreign volunteer muscle. This grunt from the hypothetical American Foreign Legion employs an Olympic Arms OA-93, an AR-15 receiver in a pistol configuration. Read why the AFL would be good for America, starting on page 48. Photo: G.A. Cook Photography

BULLETIN BOARD

RUBY RIDGE DEBACLE HAUNTS FBI

The bloody standoff between the FBI and Randy Weaver et al has resulted in one of the most wrenching internal investigations ever conducted by the Justice Department. Deputy Attorney General Philip B. Heymann characterized it as a topto-bottom review.

Investigators from the Office of Professional Responsibility, internal ethics watchdogs of the Justice Department, have warned top managers, agents, prosecutors and former officials that they could face civil or criminal charges, including obstruction of justice and violations of civil rights law.

Current FBI Director Louis J. Freeh would not permit any bureau officials to comment, and declined to discuss the case because of the continuing investigation and the fact that "complex legal issues should not be prejudged."

Some FBI officials

said they also fear an investigation by an Idaho state prosecutor could lead to homicide indictments against federal agents.

In a related development, U.S. District Judge Edward Lodge has levied fines of \$1,920 on the FBI for its handling of the trial of Randy Weaver and friend Kevin Harris. Judge Lodge said the FBI repeatedly ignored his orders to produce documents on time, delaying the eight-week trial and hampering the defense. The FBI had earlier admitted it fabricated evidence in the case. Harris was found innocent; Weaver was acquitted of all but one relatively minor charge.

During the attack on his mountain home, Weaver's 14-year-old son was killed by a shot in the back from a U.S. marshal, and his wife was killed by an FBI sniper as she stood in the door of their home holding their baby daughter.

CLARIFICATION

A clarification is in order concerning an article on the Church Universal And Triumphant (see "ATF's



Who would a thunk it. Posing in front of St. Basil's Cathedral in Moscow's Red Square are *SOF* Executive Editor Tom Slizewski (right), Associate Publisher Lefty Wilson (left) and publisher of *SOF*'s Russian-language edition, Sergei Panasenko (center). No, that's not a misprint; starting in January 1994, *SOF* will be distributed (in Russian) throughout the republics of the former Soviet Union.

Next Big Mistake?" *SOF* Dec. '93). Due to the placement of a subhead, some readers may have inferred that a church member, Dr. Barbara Looby, is a member of the Cosmic Honor Guard, a security team assigned to church leader Elizabeth Clare Prophet. That is not the case. Dr. Looby is not a member of Prophet's Cosmic Honor Guard, and *SOF* regrets any misunderstanding that may have arisen.

LETHAL LATRINES

Contamination left behind by departing former Soviet troops in the Czech Republic has proved to be so extensive that cleanup crews are even tiptoeing around the latrines. Tons of unexploded ordnance were left behind by departing Sovs in 1991, and the Czech defense minister says some of the worst problems have been discovered in latrines, where grenades, mortar shells and thousands of rounds of belted machine-gun ammo have been discovered. The defense minister noted that "there are hundreds of thousands of cubic meters" of

debris that must to be sorted and disposed of. "There was a tremendous lack of discipline among Russian soldiers," he said.

MUGGERS HAVE A UNION, OR WHAT?

Seventy-one-year-old Jerome Sandusky had less than \$30 when he was mugged and nearly choked to death on a New York subway station by Bernard McCummings — fresh out of jail for a previous robbery — and an accomplice. Two plain clothes transit police stopped the robbery and as McCummings ran, one of the cops shot him, severing his spinal cord and paralyzing him

from the chest down. *Awwwww*. McCummings sued the transit authority and was awarded \$4.3 million. The U.S. Extreme Court has let it stand — excessive force, don't you know.

REFUGEE RELIEF SAYS

Thanks to the following who have put their hands where their hearts are with the following donations: Jonathan A. Blatt (cash), Kevin P. Cook (cash), Elliot Justin (cash), Shannon Roxborough (medical supplies). Hey guys, follow their lead. Contact Col. Alex McColl; phone: 303-449-3750. Tell him you have medical supplies (anything not requiring refrigeration or lock-up), and he'll take it from there.

shaped the Teams. Legendary UDT Commander Doug Fane tells how he made the first free men out of demolition experts and opened up the world of underwater warfare. LTC Roy Boehm explains how he was tasked with the top-secret creation of SEAL Team 2, allowing America to enter the theater of guerrilla warfare. Controversial ex-commander of SEAL Team 6 Richard M eveals how he r at it takes to be a mod into the arena of counterterrorism. Tom Katana, commanding officer of the newest SEAL Team 8, offers an inside look where SEALs are headed in the future. If you can see only one film about Navy SEALs, this is the one! Color, approx. 40 min., VHS only.

r powerful men



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by Loren Christensen This is a crash course in racist violence by Loren Christensen, a nationally recognized expert on skinhead gangs and police officer in Portland, Oregon, a city once dubbed the "Skinhead Capital of the U.S." This cop's view of skinheads explains who they are, why they're violent, who their targets are, how they operate, what weapons they favor and what danger they pose to society and to police, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, softcover, photos, \$20.00 illus., 240 pp.

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SLICK WILLIE WATCH



News (But Not A Surprise): LIFESTYLES OF THE BITCH AND FAMOUS

Homeless vets take note: Clinton has hired himself a private chef from Italy (at taxpayer expense). Chef Bruno Bartoli gets a salary of \$10,000 a month, five days' vacation a month in Italy (and free use of U.S. military aircraft for his vacation trips). He probably *needs* the GI aircraft, though, as he brings in food and wine from Italy for the White House.

Joke: KENTUCKY FRIED'S NEW HILLARY BASKET

2 large thighs 2 small breasts

- 27 left wings
- intervalitional statute open

News: PEACE MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS?

Guess who's been removed from the list of "special countries" who can't receive material they could use or transmit to a third country for nuclear purposes: Malawi, Syria and Yemen, among others.

Overheard: POLITICALLY INCORRECT D.I.

"OK, you mens, stick out yo' chests not yo' butts. This ain't Mr. Clinton's Army ... Yet!"

Joke: CLINTON COUNTRY?

Stranger went into a barber shop, started reading a paper. After a while he put it aside and remarked, "That Bill Clinton is a horse's ass!"

Man next to him knocked him out of his chair.

Stranger read some more, then remarked to himself, "That Hillary Clinton, she's a horse's ass, too!"

Man on the other side of him knocked him out of his chair again.

Whereupon the stranger remarked to the barber, "I guess I'd better keep my opinions to myself. I didn't realize this was Clinton country."

"It's not," replied the barber. "It's horse country."

RONNIE QUOTE:

"When he said he was going to get the nation moving again, I thought he meant forward." — Former President Ronald Reagan, speaking on Clinton economic policies, Santa Barbara, California

High-Class Poetry Excerpt: BALLAD OF SLICK WILLY

The Army's bringing civilization To the Somali population. Once we're good at building nations, We'll do the Bosnians and the Haitians. After that, who can say? We'll try D.C. or South L.A.! Hillary's health plan draws applause From those who believe in Santa Claus,

While others, of more practical bent, Don't think it's work for government. His policies go from flop to flip

While Willy dithers and bites his lip —But whaddaya want from a shameless panderer,

Brazen philanderer and aimless meanderer?

(Although he's done what no one could —He's made Jimmy Carter look dam good.)

 — composed by Paul Kirchner for the Gunsite Reunion/Theodore Roosevelt Birthday Celebration

SANDINISTAS' UNSAVORY SECRET

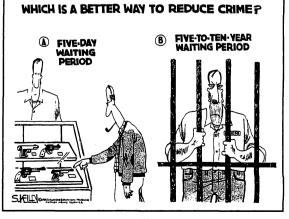
In 1978, members of Italy's Red Brigade kidnapped and killed Prime Minister Aldo Moro. One Alessio Casimirri was sentenced in absentia by a Rome court to four life terms for his role in the Moro killing. Guess where he turned up: Managua. Having been granted Nicaraguan citizenship by the Sandinistas, he was running a pizza parlor on embassy row under the alias Guido Di Giambattista. His partner, one Manlio Grillo, also claims to be a member of the Red Brigade - and he's wanted after having been sentenced to 18 years for a bombing that killed three children. Leftist supporters in Nicaragua are rallying to Casimirri's defense. President Violeta Chamorro would like to extradite him to Italy. So far the national police force, still dominated by Sandinistas, isn't going along with the idea.

their name, address and the unit they invaded with to Lehodey at Hotel Sofitel North America,

D-DAY VETS SOUGHT

John Lehodey, president of Hotel Sofitel North America, would like to be a D-Day host for all vets of Operation Overlord who live in Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. to express his thanks and the thanks of the French people for

the invasion 50 years ago that began their liberation from Nazi occupation. Overlord vets should send



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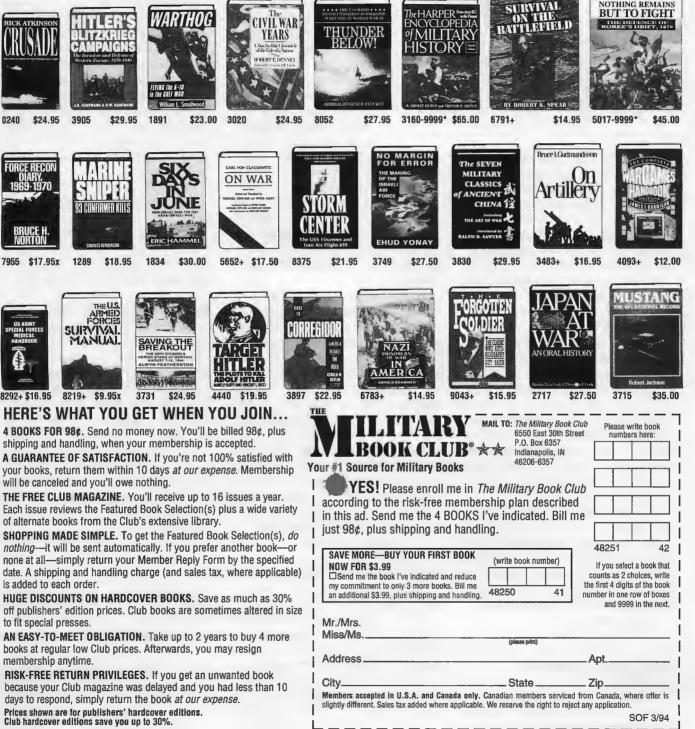


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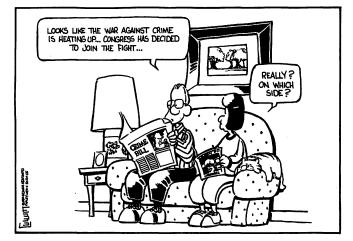
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MARCH 94

FLAK



U.S. KISSES UP TO AIDID

How is this possible? On 3 October 1993, 18 U.S. Army Rangers were killed, one was captured and more than 70 others were badly wounded in a botched operation in Mogadishu to "capture Somali warlord Mohamed Aidid." The country was galvanized with outrage as forces loyal to Aidid dragged mutilated corpses of American servicemen through the streets.

I write this on 3 December 1993 after reading this item in the *Contra Costa Times* newspaper:

ADDIS ABABA, Ethiopia — Somali clan leader Mohamed Farrah Aidid arrived in Ethiopia *aboard a U.S. military plane* for talks with his rivals ... "The world is changing every minute," Aidid replied when asked why he decided to come to Addis Ababa.

Oh, yeah! Well, it hasn't changed that much! And I know one thing, those men didn't die so that 60 days later we could provide a free air taxi to that murdering S.O.B. But I'll remember this in '96. A plague on Clinton and all who agree with him.

Jim Coyne Danville, California

STILL CAN'T BELIEVE COMMIES

I read Colonel Hackworth's thoughts on the Vietnam War with great interest. A couple of points are worth noting, however:

· I am sick of listening to retired NVA/VC commanders telling us they won because their men believed their cause was just. Think about it. You're a retired communist officer, presumably getting a check from Uncle Ho's successors. They know where you live. Now some rich American drifts in for a cup of coffee and says, "Nguyen, give me the straight

skinny? What was it really like on your side? And by the way I'm going to print everything you say in an American magazine." What are you going to say for the record? Probably the same garbage they've been telling you to say for 50 years. By now you probably believe it anyway.

• As one who was a stateside civilian during the entire war, I would hesitate to write off the hostility of the various information media as being of little account. I'm sure Hackworth is making a valid point in his assertion that media scapegoating on the part of the Army is unjust (and self-defeating) but the fact remains that the media were hostile. Whatever happened on the battlefield, much of the American press had an anti-war agenda that was politically motivated. It was real and it was powerful.

Rev. George E. Rittenhouse Pasadena, California

HACK NOT ON THE MARK

Though Col. Hackworth makes some good points in his December 1993 *SOF* article, I hope the readership doesn't buy verbatim everything he had to say. Despite his awards and impressive biography, he is not the ultimate guru on national defense, foreign policy or military strategy. To believe everything he puts out you'd have to wonder how our country ever won any conflict from a squad action to a major war in over 200 years.

His underlying theme is continuous bad leadership, and it would seem the U.S. military never existed before Hackworth or survived after he left active duty. If he had been in charge of U.S. forces instead of Westmoreland, the end result would have been the same, as the civilian leadership dictated strategy. I wonder how Hackworth would have handled LBJ, McNamara, the South Vietnamese politicians, safe sanctuaries in North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia and the myriad other entanglements that plagued U.S. forces.

Robert F. Singer

Sgt. Maj. U.S. Marine Corps

The mail ran hot and heavy on Hack's "Why We Lost In 'Nam" article. The preceding are representative samples of the views sent in.

NOT JUST ABOUT MEDALS

A letter in the "FLAK" column of the November '93 *SOF* irritated the hell out of me. It was written by Major Edward T. Martin from Bowling Green, Kentucky. The tone of his letter was degrading to those of us deserving proper recognition for serving our country's armed forces.

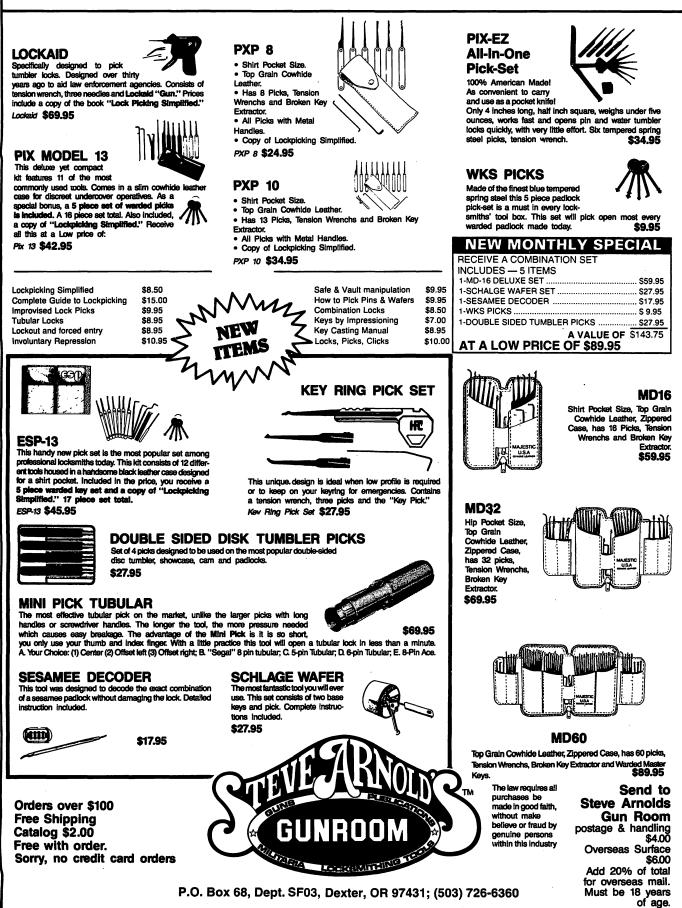
I would like to remind Martin that a Good Conduct Medal won't get you so much as a beer at the local VFW. Our awards not only help us advance in the military but also help us after we leave.

It wasn't long ago that a certain U.S. president gave amnesty to all those who dodged the draft during the Vietnam era. To us that served, it was like pinning a medal on them and saying to hell with those of you who answered the call.

The major states that he's never heard a Marine cry for recognition; well I have, and I would say to the major that I would never turn my back on a fellow veteran.

Kenneth G. Buck Johnstown, Pennsylvania

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RANGERS STAND ON THEIR OWN MERIT

I'm a former 82nd Airborne paratrooper and want to take issue with Tony Icamen's cheap cracks about the Rangers and his slur on their valor. Icamen says they're not that "elite" if they're getting their asses kicked by the Somalis. Yeah, well maybe the Marines aren't all that "elite" if 240 of them get snuffed at one time by a single lousy terrorist in Beirut.

The Rangers in Somalia probably gave a lot better than they got, even though they didn't have adequate backup (which isn't their fault). As far as Ranger units having to "prove" themselves, their combat record in North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Normandy, Korea, Vietnam, Grenada and Panama speaks for itself.

I've seen other letters written by Icamen to other military periodicals that were basically the same song and dance as this one. He's just another Marine Corps loud-mouth who makes a career out of badmouthing the U.S. Army.

David Geosits Whitehall, Pennsylvania

RANGERS ARE SPECOPS

In reference to R.B. Anderson's statement concerning the Rangers and spec ops ("Gurus of Guerrilla Warfare" SOF Nov. '93): Saying that "Rangers are the finest conventional light infantry in the world, but they are not really a special operations force" is grossly inaccurate. As a former NCO with C Company 3/75th Rangers, I can tell you that our yearly training cycle included extensive training in special operations. We trained for airfield seizure, runway clearing, building and room clearing, hostage rescue, as well as recovery of sensitive munitions. We worked with Delta, SF, Task Force 160, Spectre, etc.

We secured Desert One, spearheaded Urgent Fury, seized Torillos-Tecumen, and executed a fast rope prisoner snatch of 25 Somalis with the boys from Bragg (yeah, it wasn't perfect but we took out 300 of 'em).

Sure Delta, Seal Six and Red Cell are at the top of the SF food chain and SF A-Teams can train the hell out of indigenous assets, and SEAL teams have the ocean covered, but as far as Rangers not being specops, come on. We all train together and go to the same schools. Rangers lead the way!

Ron Polverari

Macon, Georgia

DOESN'T UNDERSTAND NATHAN

Here we go again with another politically correct attempt by another self-appointed guardian of decency and righteousness. Thank you Nathan Schecter!

How in the hell could a man read

"Facist Freak Show" (SOF Oct. '93), come up with the illusions Mr. Schecter did and demand an apology ("FLAK" Dec. '93)? I read SOF because of its willinaness to report on subjects that are deemed too hot to handle by controlled the press. I don't always agree with you, but the day

SOF stops reporting controversial subject under the pressure of minority interests I will be done with the magazine.

"Shocked, sickened and appalled," Mr. Schecter? Where are your loyalties when you speak of "your people?" Myself, I am an American first and always.

Daniel Lee Caywood Hoopa Indian Reservation

NAZI ARTICLE IMPORTANT

As "one of Mr. Schecter's people," I was in total disagreement with his viewpoint on the article "Fascist Freak Show." I think it is important to have articles like this appear in the major print media so everyone can see the types of people that are out there. In no way was this a complimentary article, but an attempt by Mr. Krott to show them for what they are. It is important for everyone to see that threats of this type still exist. And lest we forget. one of Hitler's first acts was to disarm the people. Does this sound familiar?

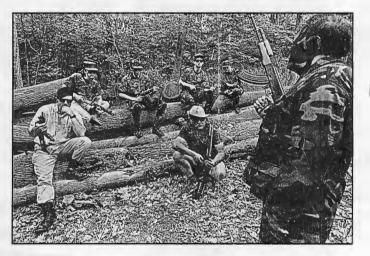
MAK

San Diego, California

FREEDOM FIGHTERS BLUNDER ON

Just a note to respond to your article (see "Merc Scam In The Making" *SOF* Dec.'93) regarding our organization, Freedom Fighters.

It would seem that your aim was quite a bit off the target. We have conducted our operation with the highest set of moral values possible; nobody has been "scammed or defrauded" as you implied. In most instances we are unable to return more than 30% of the telephone inquiries because of the thousands



of calls received. In fact, our 60minute tape was filled every several hours and had to be erased.

I can't at this time give you the definitive information you would like to have. However, rest assured that we have been and will continue to indulge in fair play to all — that includes gays too!

Our planned news conferences and parades in Washington and New York have been postponed until early 1994 due to the continuing action in Serbia.

Ron Pettiford, Managing Director, Freedom Fighters P.O. Box 3822 Captitol Hts., MD 20791

This letter came with the photocopied print featured on this page. Apparently the "Freedom Fighters' " idea of operating behind Serbian lines requires each member of the team to wear varying bits of camouflage (so if captured they can all pretend they don't know each other) and sport non-ammunition compatible weapons. It also helps if you look like you're 15 years old. \Re

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THE GOLDEN EAGLE RING

WORLD SITRE

UNITED STATES

Pentagon announces no proof exists that minute traces of chemical weapons (released when stockpiles were bombed) harmed U.S. Gulf War vets, but expert panel appointed to further examine concern ...

Army creates maritime pre-positioned stockpile of seven cargo ships filled with equipment withdrawn from Europe, including 123 tanks, 154 Bradleys, 25 M109 howitzers, nine MLRS vehicles, a 300-bed hospital and 344 mixed vehicles (enough to field a heavy four-battalion brigade). Vessels will be kept loaded and ready to ferry brigade to any crisis area ...

U.S. Navy CVN Dwight D. Eisenhower will take first women crewmen to sea in June, followed by CVN Abraham Lincoln in Sept. and the CVN John C. Stennis in Dec. Each will carry about 150 women aboard ...

SLOVAKIA

Country to receive \$1.5 billion in weapons from Russia as partial payment for Moscow's debts ...

SOUTH AFRICA

ANC wins national control under new constitution and centralized government; white and black conservative groups' demands for autonomous regions are ignored. ANC says it might use force against black homelands that refuse reintegration with South Africa, but Mandela holds talks with white radicals to avert civil war - military leaves canceled, troops put on alert ...

16

Islamic terrorism persists — militants kill two policemen accused of torture; terrorists attack circus in Sohag for "sinful entertainment." Gunmen fire into crowded theater showing foreign films with sex scenes, wounding six ...

EGYPT

COLOMBIA

Government will send 3,000-man brigade to Uraba gulf region for crackdown on guerrilla activity ...

Since drug lord Pablo Escobar's death in massive ambush, authorities expect leaders of less-violent Cali drug cartel will surrender ...

ANGOLA

8

Under shaky cease-fire, government accuses Unita of attacks in seven provinces, yet death toll notably light. MPLA (holding only 20% of Angola) refuses to abandon offensive positions until Unita disarms, while rebels demand simultaneous withdrawal for both sides — Unita refuses to disarm without positive guarantee MPLA will not attack. Both sides agree to future national army with equal components from each of their forces. Savimbi narrowly escapes death from MPLA air strike on Kuito; government denies Unita leader was deliberately targeted ...

IRAQ

TURKEY

Government says it will intervene if Balkans warfare spreads to Macedonia ...

Turkey will buy 32 Harpoon anti-ship missiles, 64 of the Mk 46 torpedo, 40 anti-sub rockets, thousands of heavy-ordnance rounds and other equipment from U.S. for \$170 million to use on four leased Knox-class frigates ...

13

Shi'ite dissidents say Iraq using poison gas against civilians in country's southern marsh areas - Iraq calls these reports "a cheap lie by Iran" ...

Iranians claims Iragis still holding 8,000 POWs from Iran-Iraq war; Hussein's government denies this ...

RUSSIA

Foreign Minister Kozyrev says country reserves right to defend any of 20 million ethnic Russians living in other former-Soviet republics if they are oppressed by local governments ...

Civil defense organization separated from military and now heavily recruiting women (18% of recent recruit classes) ...

Russia will keep 1994 defense spending at '93 levels, but plans to boost weapons exports ...



6

8

7

9

10

GREAT BRITAIN

Police seize 300 assault rifles and 2 tons of explosives from Polish freighter en route to Protestant guerrillas in Northern Ireland ...

New Trident nuclear submarines will carry 96 warheads on 16 missiles (six warheads per missile) rather than eight per missile as once planned — Britain rolls out SSN Victorious, the second Trident sub ...

16

15

13



New 155mm "Bison" gun being tested in Israel as there is no room in Switzerland. Designed for fortress-mounting, gun has maximum range of 40km, fitted with flick-hammer that can fire five-shell burst in auto-mode in only 25 seconds. Country plans to use Bisons (and 120mm mortars) to replace close air support, using Mirages and F-18s only for air defense ...

17

ITALY Police confiscate eight steam condensers en route to Iran — these could be used for nuclear weapons production ...

MALAWI

Two soldiers killed by Paramilitary Young Pioneers (7,000 political militia used by President Banda as thought police) who barricade themselves in their Lilongwe camp; heavily armed troops sent by ruling council to disarm them. Troops rampage, destroy camp in two-hour battle, leaving 22 dead and 78 wounded. Army attacks other camps, searching house-to-house for Pioneers. Banda (dictator since 1964) dissolves ruling council, while army disarms all Pioneers, seizing records of informants and dissidents ...

MOZAMBIQUE

10

Government agrees to form new army employing 15,000 of its own troops with 15,000 Renamo rebels from U.N. demobilization camps, but Renamo fighters slow to enter camps and give up weapons ...

First 540 officers and sergeants complete 10-week British-run course on running unified army ...

15

AFGHANISTAN

Massoud's planes bomb city of Sarobi, killing 50 civilians and 60 of Prime Minister Hekmatyar's troops. Days later, Massoud and Hekmatyar agree to cease-fire, resume fighting next day ...

Hekmatyar's HQ hit by President Rabbani's air strike. Hekmatyar delegates his powers as PM to a deputy, while mobilizing forces to attack Rabbani ...

Guerrilla leader Salam vows to continue raids into Pakistan until that nation returns his Stinger missiles and pays ransom for hostages ...



Major program under way to build more long-range missiles able to strike U.S. — to achieve this, Chinese buying technology from Russia ...

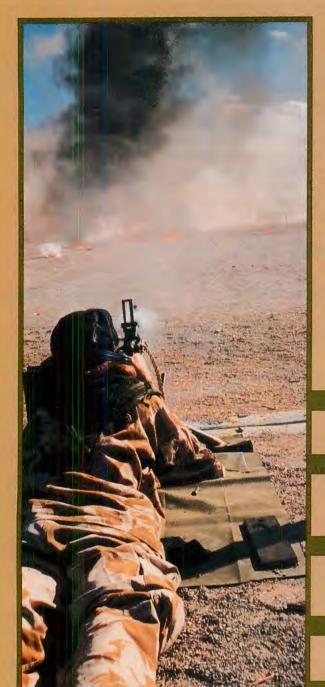
NORTH KOREA

18

Government officially admits USSR's collapse ruined national economy, but media broadcasts vow country will face war rather than submit to outside inspection of two facilities suspected capable of producing nuclear weapons ... GEORGIA

U.N. approves deployment of Russian troops to protect Georgian ports and railroads. Russian *Spetsnaz* and OMON troops patrol in Zugdidi. Government troops skirmish with Abkhazian rebels, whose leader Gamsakhurdia declares struggle will continue for control of Georgia ...

World SitRep is excerpted from the biweekly newsletter For Your Eyes Only: An Open Intelligence Summary of Current Military Affairs. Published by Tiger Publications, P.O. Box 8759, Amarillo, Texas, 79114-8759; subscriptions are \$65 per year (26 issues). Sample issue available for \$3. Those interested in reliable, up-to-date world intel are encouraged to subscribe.



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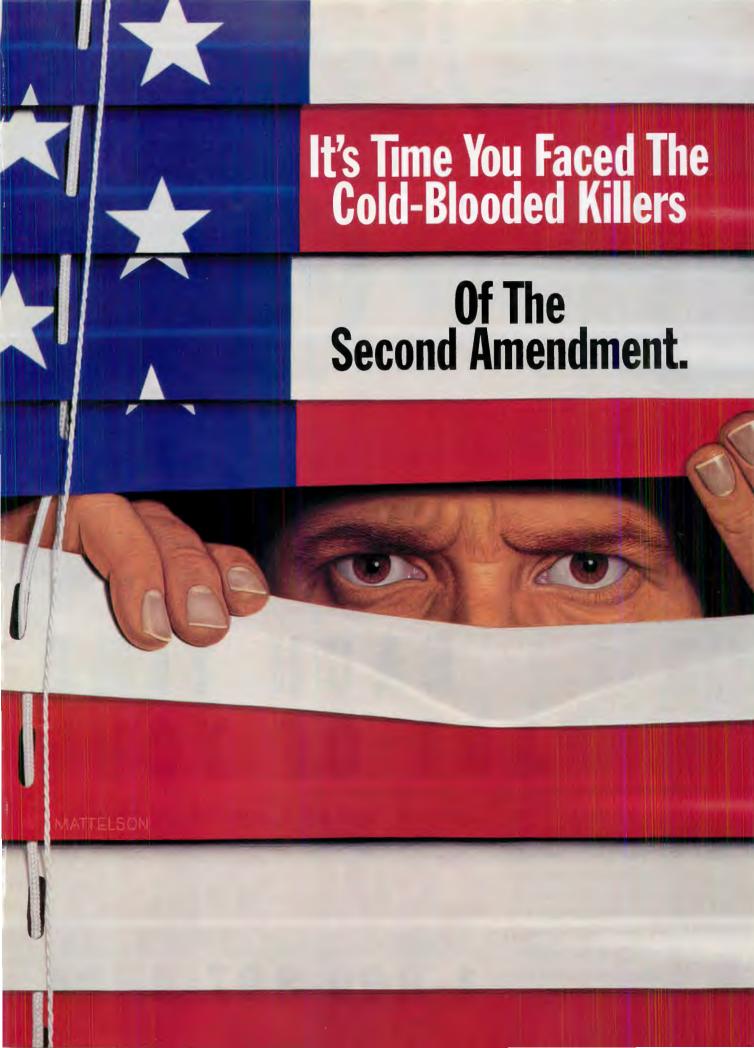
THREE-GUN MATCH — Prestige and cash prizes for expert shooters and those who aspire to be (see separate ad in this issue).

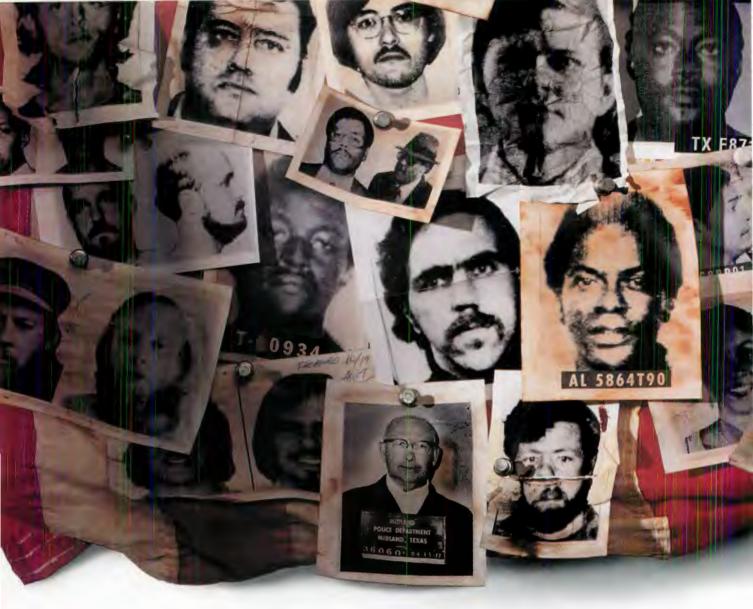
FIREPOWER DEMO — An awesome display of firepower caps off an action-packed day at the range: team shootoffs, manufacturers' new-product demos, skydiving, big guns & explosives. All day Saturday — free to conventioneers.

BANQUET — Saturday night Awards ceremony features insightful speakers and savory cuisine. Dress is casual.

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- First 500 conventioneers will receive a 15th Anniversary commemorative pin.
- Twenty names will be drawn from first 500 conventioneers
- winners join Robert K. Brown for brunch.





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To Face The Threat, Face The Facts.

- 70% of all violent crimes are committed by just 6% of all criminals.
- 35 states and 128 localities are under court order to release criminals to our streets.
- 2 out of 3 released criminals will be arrested

 again within 36 months.
 More than half are released awaiting trial. Of those, 20% escape and 16% commit another crime while released.

- 4 of 5 state prison inmates are repeat offenders.
- For every 100 serious crimes committed only 5 criminals go to prison, where they serve an

average of a third of their sentences.

The result: 5 out of 6 Americans will be victims of violent crime or attempted violent crime, while honest gun owners like you are turned into criminals by more and more anti-gun laws. CP

7763814-04

Sources: U.S. Department of Justice, Bureau of Justice Statistics; National Institute of Justice Victimization Study

WILL YOU LET CRIMINALS RAPE YOUR RIGHTS?

WHEN YOU JOIN THE NRA,

vou join a team of tough law enforcement veterans fighting to put justice back in the criminal justice system. It's called CrimeStrike. You'll help victims. volunteers, prosecutors and police work together to put violent repeat predators behind bars and keep them there. CrimeStrike has already helped save lives with:

DON'T COUNT ON THE CLINTONS.



The Clinton Administration has already cut federal prison construction by \$550 million in favor of "community placement" and "criminal rehabilitation programs." Meanwhile, they're supporting nationwide gun bans as "health care reform," plus a new 25% "sin tax" on lawful firearm purchasers like you to pay the hospital tab for big-city criminals' gunshot victims. Only law-abiding gun owners can save their lawful gun rights by joining the NRA now.

- A "truth-insentencing" law in Arizona, abolishing parole and early release for violent offenders.
- A law in Texas doubling prison time for violent felons before parole eligibility.
- A "three-strikesyou're-out" law in Washington, that requires life imprisonment for a third felony conviction.
- Flooding parole boards with letters and calls from CrimeStrike volun-
- teers to stop the release of dangerous convicted felons.
- New victims' rights laws in Colorado, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri and New Mexico.



WAYNE R. LAPIERRE Chief Executive Officer National Rifle Association

CALL 1-800-887-4NRA NOW TO JOIN NRA AND CRIMESTRIKE.

"What the politicians don't take away, the criminals will. And that may be more than you can live with. Call now — together we won't let politicians punish you for what criminals do."

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Wings Of Silver – The Hard Way

I WAS THERE

by Curtis C. Scott

The installation was Fort Benning, Georgia, early in 1972. My job there was to successfully complete the Airborne Course jump school, in other words. This challenge became a dominant personal goal. All I had left to do was make my fifth and final jump. By so doing, I would win the coveted silver wings of a U.S. Army paratrooper.

As I arrived at the airfield on the appointed day for my crucial showing, the pulsating propeller roar from all four engines on a C-130 Hercules was not my favorite sound. Seventy other nervous souls joined me to slowly walk up the aircraft's vibrating rear ramp. Moments later it hoisted, sealing us all in the big transport's belly. A smell of stale hydraulic fluid drifted through the interior.

Sitting down, I noticed my palms had started to sweat; no surprise. We were all stoic and silent now, as we faced each other across hard bench seats. Any sounds emanating through the plane were mechanical in origin. Our C-130 lumbered down the runway, then rose gracefully into a cloudless sky.

All too soon we approached our huge, flat drop zone. Jumpmasters now stood on either side of the fuselage interior, screaming orders.

"Get ready!" "Stand up!"

"Hook up!"

"Sound off for equipment check!"

People were up and moving. Jumpers attached their static lines to overhead steel cables running the length of the aircraft. Jumpmasters scurried everywhere trying to inspect each man's equipment. Jump doors opened both sides of the plane, so wind turbulence and noise intensified noticeably. If you stood close enough, you could look straight down at the ground below.



No brush with death could ground this paratrooper — the author in 1973 as a PFC, 8th Infantry Division, Bad Kreuznach, Germany, before commission as a second lieutenant. Photo: courtesy author

Short minutes elapsed before the next order came: "Stand in the door!"

On either side, the lead jumper appeared in his open doorway, grabbing its sides tightly. The pair stared into nothingness and waited. They would hold these positions until a red light above them blinked off and an adjacent green light came on. This would initiate the final command.

When the green light popped on, it instantly triggered the last order — "Go! Go! Go!"

Men simultaneously spilled out from both sides of the aircraft. Their large, green half-sphere canopies dotted the sky in single-file array. As I shuffled toward the open door, my rifle case wouldn't seat correctly under my arm; I was stumbling like a drunk. Still trying to adjust it at 1,250 feet straight up, I waltzed out into thin air to plummet at 135 mph. My exit could best be described as loose and sloppy. Propeller turbulence rocked me when clearing the aircraft. There was a gentle tug on my harness as the parachute deployed. Reaching up with both hands, I spread my risers wide to get a glimpse of the canopy underside.

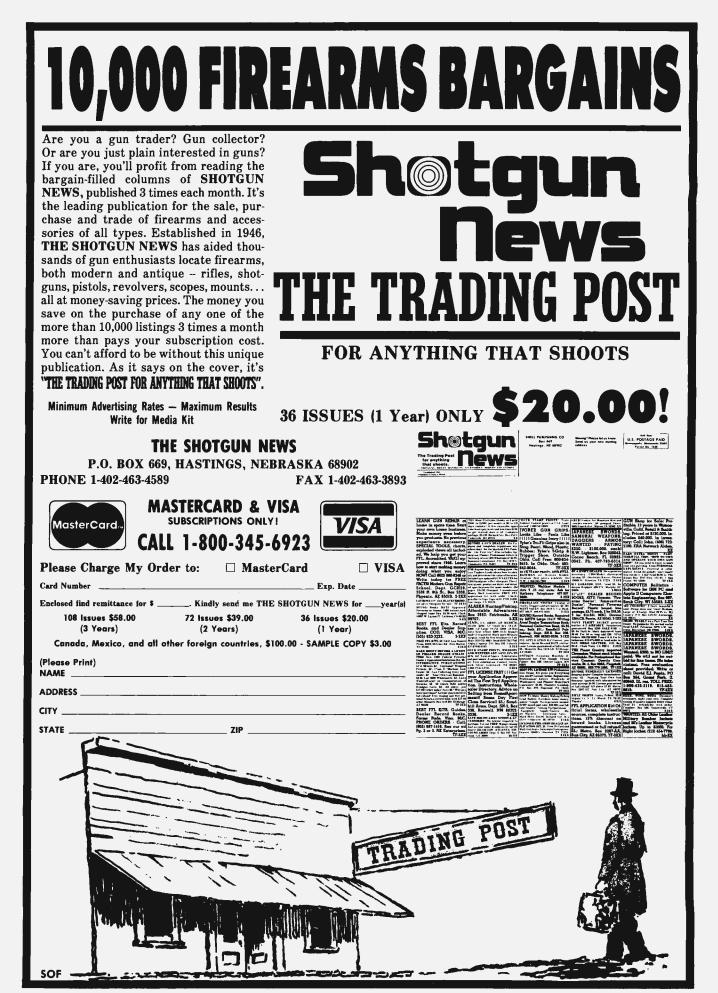
An ugly sight greeted me - it was a malfunction, a rather serious one. As happens sometimes during deployment, the shroud lines had crossed above and over the main canopy, then tangled. As a result, three small nylon nipples fluttered overhead instead of one large, acceptable canopy. The main canopy's surface area was thus greatly reduced, increasing my rate of descent. In all probability I was dropping fast.

I snapped back into a tight body position and pulled the D-ring on my reserve

parachute as hard as I could. White nylon sped past my face racing skyward. I looked up a second time to evaluate my efforts — more bad news. The reserve had managed to tangle with the main 'chute. Both were now intertwined.

Violently I started shaking the lines connecting me to the reserve canopy; there was nothing else left to do. It didn't help. Out of the corner of one eye, I spotted another jumper. He was a good 600 feet above me. Our difference in altitude made me wonder where I was in relation to the ground.

For the first time I took a serious look down. It should have scared me, but things were happening so fast it didn't. The ground was rushing up to meet me with incredible speed. Maybe two seconds were left. I tried to relax — less bones would break this way.







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Still, the expected impact was ferocious. I slammed into the soft dirt like a ton-and-a-half of dropped steel. Everything stopped. My mind seemed disconnected from my body. I lay where I landed on my back, dazed and still. It surprised me to be conscious. Actually, it surprised me to be alive.

Carefully, I tried moving each arm and leg. It was quite a shock to discover they functioned, as did my hands and feet. I was positive something must have broken on landing, but glad to be wrong.

A jeep moving rapidly across the drop zone headed straight toward me. A young corpsman drove while his passenger, a captain, stood yelling. His words sounded faint at first.

"Don't move! Don't try to get up! We're coming, we're coming!"

By the time they arrived, I was more or less standing. It was important to me to know whether or not I could still walk. Finding that I could, I concluded my injuries, if any, weren't major. It was a relief.

The captain and I examined my parachute, now a twisted heap of nylon. He said my main and reserve canopies appeared to separate just prior to my landing. Jumpers who witnessed my drop disagreed. They claimed both canopies were tangled all the way down. It didn't matter who was right. I must have dropped onto a soft patch of freshly plowed dirt, my legs and ankles flexed just right.

It was over — I'd done it. Wings of silver were finally mine. Later I went on to make many military jumps, some halfway around the world. I earned foreign jump wings and made tactical jumps carrying so much equipment I could barely step out of the aircraft. I jumped from helicopters and parachuted into swamps. I dropped into a snowstorm and made night drops without benefit of either moonlight or stars.

But eternally etched in my mind was the memory of Fort Benning on a particular sunny afternoon — that fifth and "final" jump; those nine or 10 seconds of maximum midair titillation as I scrambled feverishly just to stay alive. I had earned my wings of silver, the hard way. 🛪





COMBAT WEAPONCRAFT

by Col. David Hackworth

Fire Control - Vietnam

The following monograph is extracted from the Vietnam Primer, co-authored at the height of the war by then-Lt. Col. David H. Hackworth. Though a solid collection of "lessons learned," the information in this book may be too esoteric for many readers. If you'd like to see further extracts from this volume in "Combat Weaponcraft," drop a postcard to the editorial department at P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306.

According to the data basis, the U.S. infantry line in Vietnam required no stimulation whatever to its employment of organic weapons when engaged. The fire rate among patrols in heavy, if brief, contact was not infrequently 100%. Within rifle company, during the engagement prolonged for several hours, the rate would run 80% or more and the only nonfirers were the rearward administrative element or the more critical cases among the early wounded. It was not unusual for one man to engage with three or more weapons during the course of a two-hour fight.

Except during the first five minutes of unexpected engagement, which almost impels an automatic rate. fire control was generally good. The men themselves, even in unseasoned units, quickly raised the cry: "Hold your ammo! Fire semiautomatic!" No U.S. infantry unit, operating in independence, was forced to withdraw or extract, or made to suffer a critical tactical embarrassment, as a result of ammunition shortage. Gunners on the M60 went lighter than in other wars; the average carry was 1,000 rounds, with 1,200 being the outside limit. But in no single instance did the machine guns cease fire during a fight because the position had run out of machine-gun ammunition.

When suddenly confronted by small numbers of the enemy, the Americans firing their M16s would, in the overwhelming majority of cases, miss a target fully in view and not yet turning. Whether the



firing was done by a moving point or by a rifleman sitting steady in an ambush, the results were about the same — five total misses out of six tries — and the data basis includes several hundred such incidents.

This inaccuracy prevailed although the usual such contact was at 15 meters or less, and some of the firing was at less than 10 feet. An outright kill was most unusual. Most of the waste came from unaimed fire, done hurriedly. The fault much of the time was that out of excitement the firer pointed high, rather than that the M16 bullet lacked knockdown power — a criticism of it often heard from combat-experienced NCOs. The Pfc. George Barber USMC opens up on VC in thick bushes during Operation Meade River, southeast of Da Nang. After-action studies in Vietnam War showed everyone with weapons used them: During lengthy engagements many troops would use three different weapons. Photo: DoD

VC winged but only wounded by an M16 bullet, then diving into the bush, made a getaway three times out of four, leaving only his pack and a blood trail.

As to effectiveness over distance, the early data basis deriving from six major and approximately 50 minor operations contained not one incident of VC or NVA being killed by aimed fire from one or more M16s at ranges in excess of 60 meters. Then, out of Operation Cedar Falls in January 1967, there developed six examples of such killings at ranges upwards of 200 meters. The difference can be explained by the nature of the terrain: Most of the kills during this operation were made in the open rice paddy.

The M16 proved itself an ideal weapon for jungle warfare. Its high rate of fire, light weight, and easyto-pack ammunition made it popular with its carrier. But it could not take the abuse or receive the neglect its older brother, the M1, could sustain. It must be cleaned and checked out whenever the opportunity affords. Commanders needed to assign top billing to the maintenance of the weapon to prevent inordinate battlefield stoppages. The new field cleaningkit assisted that task.

The fragmentation hand grenade, a workhorse in the infantryman's arsenal of weapons in Korea, was of limited value in jungle fighting. The record shows that all infantry fights in the jungle are characterized by close infighting at ranges from 12 to 20 meters and that the fragmentation grenade could not be accurately delivered because of the dense, thickly intertwined and knotted jungle undergrowth that blocked its unrestricted flight. In numerous cases, it was reported that the grenade striking a vine and being deflected would then rebound on its thrower, causing friendly casualties.

The soldier entered battle with an average of four hand grenades strapped to his already overloaded equipment. He was taught in training that the grenade is the weapon for close infighting: He learned empirically about the difficulty attendant on using a grenade in the bush. Many times the record shows that he had to learn this lesson the hard way. The data basis shows that fewer than 10% - 6% percent being the usage factor of World War II --- of the grenades carried into battle are ever used. The configuration of the grenade itself makes it cumbersome and therefore dangerous, as it is carried on the outside of the soldier's equipment and is susceptible to any vine and snag that tugs at the safety pin.

Out of this research, then, it may be reckoned that the soldier's load could be lightened by two hand grenades and that all commanders should closely analyze their unit's techniques for the employment of this weapon.

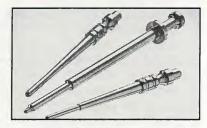
Procedures must be developed and then practiced by troops on specially prepared jungle handgrenade courses. The trainer should bear in mind during this instruction that post-operation analysis of World War II and Korea showed that the soldier who had training in sports always excelled with the grenade. The information collected in Vietnam fully supports that conclusion. And, to help preclude friendly casualties, the old byword once synonymous with the art of grenade throwing, "Fire in the Hole," should be brought back in use to warn all that a grenade has been dispatched and cover must be sought.突



ADVENTURE QUARTERMASTER

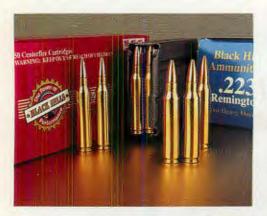
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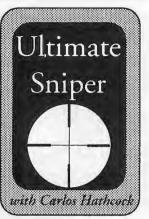


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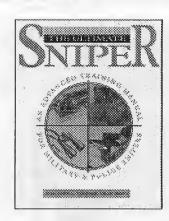
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DISCOVER



Second Amendment OP

by Jeff Nelson

Speak Now Or Forever Hide Your Piece

The legislative bodies of these 50 United States have begun their 1994 sessions. Some will be for the entire year, full time, emulating the U.S. Congress. Some will be short — 60-day budget sessions. Others will be in between. All will affect our lives and our freedoms long after the sessions are over.

For those of us committed to stopping the erosion of our Second Amendment rights, now is the time to get to work.

The observation portion of this phase of our campaign should have begun in the fall, when this sitting group of legislators was elected, by examining their platforms and campaign comments. And the

comments and actions of incumbents during the last session of the legislature should be compared to their reelection statements.

Many a legislator says (and thinks) that he or she is on the side of the gun owner or hunter, yet is willing to register handguns or handgun owners, and restrict or ban the undefinable "assault weapon." Even though we may feel their heart is in the right place, this shows a need for

education. Sometimes this is simple, sometimes it necessitates what could be called "getting a few things straight."

When dealing with legislators it's generally good to apply Clausewitz's fourth principle of war: unity of effort. It is also the time to remember to speak to a person in a language that they understand.

Unity of effort helps to insure that the legislature or legislators understand exactly where the progun forces stand. We do not enjoy the luxury that electees have of making campaign promises and then forgetting them. Anything that we say will be remembered and read back to us. To avoid this requires organization: organization around a state rifle and pistol association, a coalition of gun clubs, or a separate group formed for the purpose of influencing legislation.

In any case, the group *must* insure that discussions within the group to reach a consensus are conducted in private. Solutions to any internal problems are best found behind closed doors. The antis know well the art of divide-and-conquer.

The best way for a group to show a united effort and present a united front is to designate a "press group will defend.

This spokesperson must be the group's leader and should hold a position of influence in the community: This will be the person the media regard as the "go to" guy when there is a public controversy involving the gun issue. This person should be articulate and personable. This activity is of utmost importance, and group positions cannot afford to be "second guessed" in the media by others of the group.

Vo Nguyen Giap and Ho Chi Minh showed us that wars are won with public opinion, as well as on the battlefield. Even more are political battles won with public opinion, as well as within the halls

of the state legislatures.

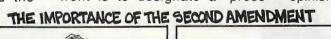
Once the position of the group has been defined. public comment must be couched in the terms one would use speaking to a group of juveniles who have never read, much less studied, the U.S. Constitution, The Federalist Papers, the local state constitution, or any FBI crime reports. No, I'm not referring

to the uninformed public here, I speak of the members of the press and our elected representatives.

A wise man once quipped that the public should not view the making of laws or sausages. Once you watch laws being passed, you too will subscribe to this — but if we get organized and get involved, we can at least help decide if it will be meat or offal that gets stuffed in the sausage we will have to swallow.

Jeff Nelson is a Special Forces vet and gun-rights activist.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE 29





person." This will be a person who is knowledgeable in all aspects of the group's goals, who can represent the group in public discussions, bind the group to courses of action (within the group's goals) and be able to defend these actions to the group. This person should be mature enough to have credibility with the press, the public, and the elected officials. His title should be impressive: "Chair." "Executive VP," or something along this line. The public must come to know that what this person says will, in fact, be the position that your

RENT-A-GURKHA



Tried, and as true as it gets, Gurkhas RIF'ed from Her Majesty's service now find work in the field of security, where attributes such as courage, skill and loyalty still count.

Tired of those pimplyfaced, pubescent punks terrorizing your neighborhood? Afraid that "law and order" have gone the way of the dodo? Take heart, or rather take measures. In six short weeks you could have a battalion of Gurkhas, kukris included, on the ground kicking ass. (A kukri, for new SOF readers, is the "curved knife or short sword with a

Crown's Finest Fighters For Hire

by S.W. MacKenzie Photos courtesy author

broad blade," used with such exquisite skill by the Gurkhas.)

Interested? Contact GSG Ltd., a privately owned British company with its head office in St. Hélier, Jersey, the Channel Islands, and branch offices in Kathmandu, Durban and Nairobi. Formed in 1990, GSG is co-owned by Anthony Husher, a former officer in the British Green Jackets and Rhodesian African Rifles; Jon Titley, an ex-British army Gurkha officer with additional service in the Oman; and Mike Borlace, who flew (and crashed) fighters for the Royal Navy and helicopters for the Rhodesian Air Force, then spent time as a "brown-job" captain in the Rhodesian Selous Scouts.

All three found themselves doing contract security work following their official military careers, and decided to team up and form their own company. GSG's two aims of providing cost-effective and competent security services, and explosive ordnance disposal, are achieved by utilizing the expertise of some of the thousands of veteran Gurkhas now out of work due to British army down-sizing.

GSG employees are mostly Gurkha retirees in their early 40s. With cooperation from the British Brigade of Gurkhas, GSG is able to identify Gurkhas with particular skills, such as foreign language ability, instructor experience, or engineer/demolition training for mine-lifting jobs. The company's first big job was to provide a security force in Mozambique for a huge British conglomerate called Lonrho, one of a few foreign enterprises operating in that war-torn country. Before the current cease-fire went into effect, the "security situation" in Mozambique discouraged most foreign investment because rebel Renamo guerrillas regularly ambushed convoys, attacked private and government targets, and terrorized civilian workers at will.

Hire The Best

In an attempt to protect their profits, Lonrho executives hired several foreign security companies, none of which had much success until GSG's Gurkhas changed the picture. Thereafter, Lonrho farms and factories became some of the safest places in the country. Concurrently guarding installations and training local protection units, the Gurkhas provided Lonrho with a full measure of service for their salaries.

Working conditions in a war zone are often hazardous, however, and the Gurkhas definitely earned their pay (\$60 per day in Mozambique, plus all expenses). Although none have been killed by enemy action in Mozambique, a few have been wounded in firefights. One of them was Warrant Officer Tulse Thapa who was detailed to help secure a Lonrho farm's water supply. Setting off for the water source in a Land-Rover, with an anglo farm manager driving, Thapa rode in front with three militiamen in the back. All of them, the driver included, were armed with AK-47s, and Thapa also carried a Makarov pistol and a couple of frag grenades.



Twenty minutes away from base, they were bouncing along a narrow dirt road edged on both sides by 10-foothigh elephant grass. Suddenly a burst of AK fire hit the Land-Rover as a Renamo rifleman opened up from the elephant grass. Tulse returned fire as more shots from other ambushers struck the vehicle. His Gurkha slouch hat was shot off his head and fell between him and the driver. Blood from a head wound began to stream into one eye, and he tried closing it to aim better with the other eye. That didn't work, and he found he could see best if he kept both eyes open.

Wiping the blood from his face, he changed magazines and continued firing into the grass at the still unseen guerrillas. As the driver tried to accelerate out of the killing ground, Thapa used up most of his third magazine before he realized the enemy firing had stopped. Finally clear of the ambush, they stopped the vehicle to take stock of damage and bandage wounds.

Thapa was certainly lucky that day; although he had a serious wound to his thigh, his hat had four bullet holes in the crown and another through the brim. His head wound, although bloody, was relatively minor. One of the militiamen was also badly hit, with a shattered thigh, so they spent some time on first aid and radioed for help.

As mentioned, GSG was established by former officers with a good deal of rifle time. Knowing the importance of medical care, GSG contracts always incorporate the best available casevac and treatment for their personnel. In Thapa's



Most farms don't have mortar pits and Gurkhas, but this farm is in Mozambique, where renegade Renamo forces make agribusiness — indeed any business — hazardous. Doorshakers need not apply.

En route to farm's water works, GSG operative Tulse Thapa (center holding radio) took four AK rounds through his hat and a couple elsewhere, and still repulsed attack.

case, by the time the ambushed group drove to the nearest airstrip, a medical team and aircraft were already waiting. Immediately flown to a hospital in the city of Nampula, Thapa was found to have shrapnel in his head and a AK round lodged in his left leg, resting against his femur. Since his wounds exceeded the

capabilities of local doctors and equipment, he was flown to another hospital, this one in Mozambique's capital city, Maputo, and then to an even better facility in Zimbabwe. After five days there, he flew back to Mozambique to recuperate before resuming his duties.

GSG pays a lot of attention to casevac procedures. Fixedwing aircraft are always on standby during the course of their contracts. In their current mine-clearing operations in

Mozambique, each five-man team has two vehicles, one solely dedicated to medical emergencies. In addition, at least one member of each team has extensive first-aid training. As soon as a casualty is reported, the standby aircraft is alerted, and the casualty is usually en route



Finding the needle in the hayfield: GSG's Gurkhas have cleared some 400 kilometers of overgrown Mozambican roads of mines, mostly combloc (inset).

to a hospital within hours. Recently, the company's casevac expertise was used to evacuate an employee with a critical case of malaria, from the Mozambican bush to a hospital in England in 36 hours, undoubtedly saving his life.

Aware that loyalty is a quality essential for the success of the type of business that GSG conducts, the company helps to develop it by providing benefits such as health care for their Gurkhas and their families and by assisting with the education of their children. Further, a percentage of corporate profits are put into two trust funds in Nepal, which pay for a variety of aid projects in that country. For example, those funds have recently made several donations to assist disaster relief operations being conducted in Nepal in the aftermath of severe floods. In addition, being former military officers themselves, Borlace, Husher and Titley know the importance of being in the field with their men, and thus spend a great deal of time away from home.

Gurkha mine-clearing teams, hired by Lonrho and paid largely with money donated by the EEC, have cleared over 400 kilometers of road in Mozambique since they started work in January 1993. They work six hours a day, six days a week, and are taken out of country every six months for

Continued on page 81

THROUGH THE WIRE

Cead NVA Sapper, part of Incee companies who breached wire at FOB 4. CNN in daring 168 night attack that cost more SF lives than any other incident in Vietnam Wat



As the first flare ignited over the camp, Sergeant Pat Watkins made out an NVA soldier standing in the door of the BOQ. "He was wearing a breechcloth and bandana," recalls Watkins, and was holding an AK-47. The

NVA didn't see Watkins, who crawled backwards down the hall.

Passing one room, Watkins saw a young officer dead in his bed, impaled by a jagged piece of two-by-four that a satchel charge blew through his chest, literally nailing him to the bed.

Crawling outside, Watkins saw NVA at the TOC (Tactical Operations Center) pouring heavy gunfire onto the Special Forces troops trying to awake and counterattack. As he headed toward another BOQ, an NVA sapper spotted him and "for some reason ... he threw a satchel charge at me instead of shooting me with his AK."

Watkins rolled out of harm's way as the sand absorbed much of the blast. When the NVA saw Watkins still alive, "he threw a grenade at me; again, I was amazed that he simply didn't shoot me. He must have been high on drugs or something, that's the only thing which explains it."

Several survivors of the attack felt many of the NVA soldiers were drugged to enhance their fearlessness.

OJT Pistol Practice

After the grenade exploded, Watkins pulled his .45. "Hell, I had never hit anything with a pistol before. I remember the instructors telling us to shoot low, so I aimed, fired several rounds and finally lucked out and hit him. Talk about miracle hits!"

Still another NVA threw a grenade at Watkins. This time, Watkins was so close to the sapper that he rushed the NVA, knocking him down and taking his AK-47 before sending him to

The Untold Story Of SF's Worst Loss In 'Nam

by Isaac Staats Photos courtesy author

60000

the big rice paddy in the sky.

"After awhile, it all started to run together in my mind. I remember a radio operator named Hoffman, who stood up to go help one of our guys who was crying for help. He only made a few steps before he was hit. At one point, we had a guy hit real bad who was screaming for help. But, the NVA were using him for bait. Anyone who went to help him was shot or shot *at* pronto."

SF medic Bob Scully, "was hit real bad, there was gray matter lying around ... we had to get him to the dispensary ASAP." But the dispensary was on the south side of camp, the BOQs were on the northern side of camp, and the NVA controlled the TOC which lay in between. A medic named Henderson gave Scully an I.V. "I had to put my hand over his mouth to keep him quiet, because there were so many NVA," he recalls. Later, Henderson carried Scully to the dispensary.

"I'll tell you one thing, the SF medics were their usual outstanding selves. One medic got a DSC for driving around camp, picking up the wounded and getting them back to the dispensary under heavy constant fire," Watson said.

This tragic story of the most Green Berets killed on a single day during the Vietnam War has remained shrouded in secrecy for 25 years until this exclusive SOF report.

Seventeen U.S. Special Forces soldiers were killed 23 August 1968 in the top secret Command and Control North (CCN) outpost in Da Nang when three North Vietnamese Army (NVA) sapper companies executed a wellplanned night attack, featuring a daring infiltration into the camp.

Top Secret CCN

The veil of secrecy has remained over this strike for two reasons: It occurred inside the top secret CCN compound, and there were embarrassing breaches in security, without which the attack would not have been so deadly. During a lengthy guerrilla war, even the best of troops and their commanders can become lax, an error the NVA dramatically exploited at CCN.

Only the outstanding heroics of individual Green Berets and some of the indigenous troops assigned to the Recon Company prevented the casualties from exceeding 17.

CCN was under the auspices of the Military Assistance Command Vietnam — Studies and Observation Group (MACV-SOG), which oversaw classified missions run by multipleservice unconventional warfare troops throughout Southwest Asia, including Laos, Cambodia and North Vietnam.

In Green Berets at War, former Special Forces Captain Shelby L. Stanton notes those special operations also extended into Burma and "Yunan, Kwangsi, Kwangtung and Hainan Dao Island in China." The majority of the personnel running the missions were Green Berets who were funneled through the 5th Special Forces Group in Nha Trang - the command headquarters for all conventional Green Beret assignments such as A camps along the border, to the top-secret Phoenix project. As men arrived at CCN they signed formal agreements to not write or speak of these top secret operations for 20 years.

By August 1968, there were five Forward Operation Bases (FOBs): FOB 1 in Phu Bai, between Hue and Da Nang; FOB 2 in Kontum; FOB 4 in Da Nang; FOB 5 in Ban Me Thuot; and FOB 6 in Ho Ngoc Tao, north of Saigon. FOB 3 in Khe Sahn was being shut down at that time and was no longer operational.

In 1968 six-man or eight-man Spike Teams and Hatchet Forces (company-

sized elements of Green Berets and indigenous mercenaries) were launching from the FOBs or their

First light showed enemy dead amid plywood hooches, with snipers from Marble Mountain and NVA within camp continuing the fight.





respective launch sites on classified missions, missions that varied from area and point reconnaissance to POW snatches, wiretapping, installation of trail sensors, destruction of Heavily armed NVA infiltrated with small arms, grenades, satchel charges, and had ordnance already smuggled into camp and cached.

NVA fuel lines and attempts to locate American POW camps.

Arch Enemies

By that year, the NVA knew well of MACV-SOG troops. In Laos alone, intelligence estimates were of 40,000 NVA and Pathet Lao soldiers and attached personnel who worked on and guarded the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex. Part of their job was to attack the MACV-SOG teams. As far back as 1966 — when mass media in the United States were still reporting it as a civil war — the NVA massed a battalion attack against the final Special Forces A camp in the A Shau Valley, thus clearing the most significant supply and troop infiltration route into I Corp, in the northern sector of South Vietnam. Without that route, the NVA could not have launched the massive Tet Offensive in 1968.

Because of the strategic importance of the A Shau Valley, MACV-SOG placed a premium on targets run in that AO. For Spike Teams assigned to those missions out of FOB 1, they



Well-planned and rehearsed nighttime raid was daring, effective — but cost NVA heavily. were the most difficult and risky of targets: The NVA controlled the area, there was no friendly artillery support, and jungle covered

the triple-canopy jungle covered steep, mountainous terrain which soared above 5,000 feet in rain forests often cloaked with clouds, thus curtailing or precluding the use of air power.

The menace of the A Shau Valley targets was dramatized in May 1968, when an entire Spike Team disappeared and another team was devastated by heavy NVA firepower while searching for the first team.

Whenever the NVA tangled with a MACV-SOG team, they suffered heavy casualties. Thus, the NVA knew the MACV-SOG teams and the C&C teams knew and respected the abilities of the NVA. Clearly, the NVA wanted to hurt these elite teams — and hitting them at home would be hitting them where it hurt.

Unbeknownst to SF personnel at FOB 4, shortly after Tet in 1968, the NVA built a sand table of FOB 4 in the Marble Mountain caves to organize the 23 August attack. Marble Mountain was on the south side of FOB 4. Highway 1 bordered the western perimeter; an NVA POW camp was situated to the north of FOB 4/CCN, while the China Sea lapped lazily onto the white sandy beaches on the compound's eastern front.

The Enemy Next Door

Marble Mountain was honeycombed with caves and trails. South along the China Sea, the beaches were flat. Abruptly, the two rugged peaks of Marble Mountain jutted up, and cradled between them was a pagoda, complete with monks who protested whenever U.S. troops got too close to their holy temple — but apparently didn't seem to mind having NVA or Viet Cong cadre around.

In support of the conclusion that the NVA had infiltrated agents inside the camp is the fact that the NVA launched this attack when the number of soldiers within FOB 4 had swelled well beyond normal: There was an enlisted promotion board held the previous day; all of the FOB commanders, executive officers and their respective S-3 and S-2 officers held their monthly meeting earlier in the day: that, in addition to the fact the population had grown when the CCN headquarters was recently moved from downtown Da Nang to FOB 4, thus making it FOB 4/CCN.

"By the time the NVA sappers hit the camp, there had to be at least twice, maybe three times as many Special Forces troops in camp as were normally assigned there," recalls Watkins, who was in his second tour with MACV-SOG, at that time out of FOB 1, and had appeared before the promotion earlier in the day.

The spirit earlier that fateful day was "typical of any promotion board gathering," Watkins said. "There was a lot of drinking, a lot of partying and general hell-raising" by the Special Forces troops. With any promotion board, the drinking was usually heavy because many soldiers hadn't seen each other for extended periods of time, and at these gatherings, they tended to make up for the months apart during one day's heavy drinking.

Inside Without A Shot

As America's elite partied into the night, NVA sappers quietly prepared for their attack. One company dressed in white loincloths, with white headbands and a piece of white material attached to their AK-47s. Another wore green loincloths, with matching green headbands and pieces of material attached to their AKs. The last company wore red.

The NVA troops began infiltrating through the thin wire in the southeast corner of the camp. For months, locals who worked at FOB 4 returned home through **Ballving** indig troops, SF and the wire. On that Spectre returned night, the NVA havoc on marched right attacking NVA into camp, sappers.



heavily armed and carrying satchel charges.

Sometime after 0100 "all hell broke loose," said former Green Beret "Red" Podlaski. "At first, I thought we were taking incoming." What many thought were incoming rounds were satchel charges exploding throughout the compound.

One company attacked the American recon huts which sat in three north-



"By the time the NVA sappers hit the camp, there had to be at least twice, maybe three times as many Special Forces troops in camp as were normally assigned there ..." south rows, on the eastern side of the camp. Another company of NVA hit the TOC, destroying it and damaging the commo center. Other sappers hit the officers' quarters and transient barracks at the northwestern quadrant.

Podlaski was a team leader in the recon company at FOB 4/CCN. The NVA sappers with satchel charges went up to the front door and threw charges into each plywood hut, which housed two to six GIs.

A medic who was staying with



Lightly clothed but heavily armed NVA sappers carried prodigious amounts of explosives, appeared to have been on drugs.

Podlaski that night later recounted: "We were lucky. The front door on our hootch had an extra-strong spring on it, so that the door was hard to open ... When the sappers came to our hootch, they pulled open the door and threw the satchel charge. But the spring was so strong, the door closed so quickly that the charges bounced off the door and blew up the front step."

There was so much confusion and pandemonium the medic and Podlaski didn't realize what had happened outside. "Hell, when we ran outside we didn't realize the steps had been blown away so we fell ass over head," Podlaski recalls.

As Podlaski and the medic fell, an NVA sapper opened fire on full automatic, shooting high: "He fired where he thought we were going to be running. If we hadn't

fallen, he probably would have gotten us ... Running recon in CCN we had plenty of close calls in the field," said Podlaski, who ran more than a dozen targets in Laos and Cambodia during his tour with MACV-SOG, Compact and lying between China Sea and Highway 1, top secret FOB 4/CNN was only as secure as its security procedures: Taking advantage of lax security, NVA dealt a deadly blow shortly after Tet Offensive in 1968. "but I remember hitting the sand and disbelieving that the closest call of all for me was right there in camp, in CCN, when that sapper opened up on us. Unbelievable!"

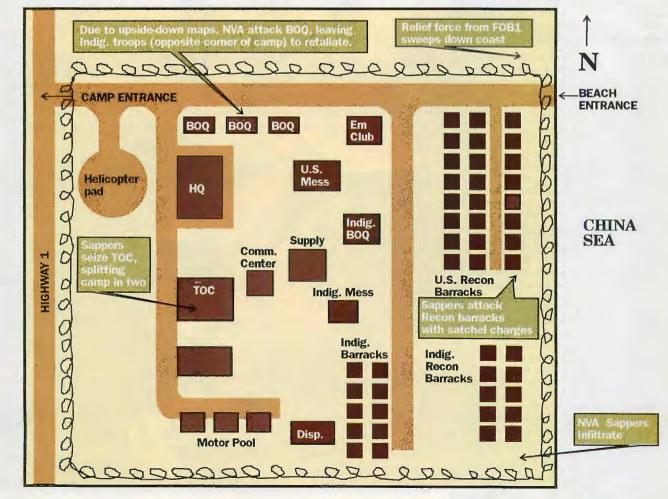
A South Vietnamese CCN recon team member killed the sapper, as the indigenous troops rallied from their quarters.

Watkins was asleep in the BOQ along the northern quadrant of the camp because the transient billets were packed with people who had gone before the promotion board earlier in the day.

Like Podlaski, Watkins and several of the officers "were awakened by the explosions," Watkins said. "I thought we were taking incoming at first. Then, I realized we weren't taking incoming and simultaneously, I regretted having given my Swedish K [to a friend] that night.

"All I had was my old Colt .45, which was in my flight survival vest ... the NVA had knocked the air conditioners out of the wall and pushed several satchel charges into the building through the holes ..."

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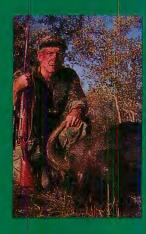
Dennis Martin with zebra taken on '93 SOF Safari. Martin gets SOF's prize for persistence; it took five days to get his zebra. Afterward he told our professional hunter how he had recently undergone a heart bypass operatio Photo: Galen Geer



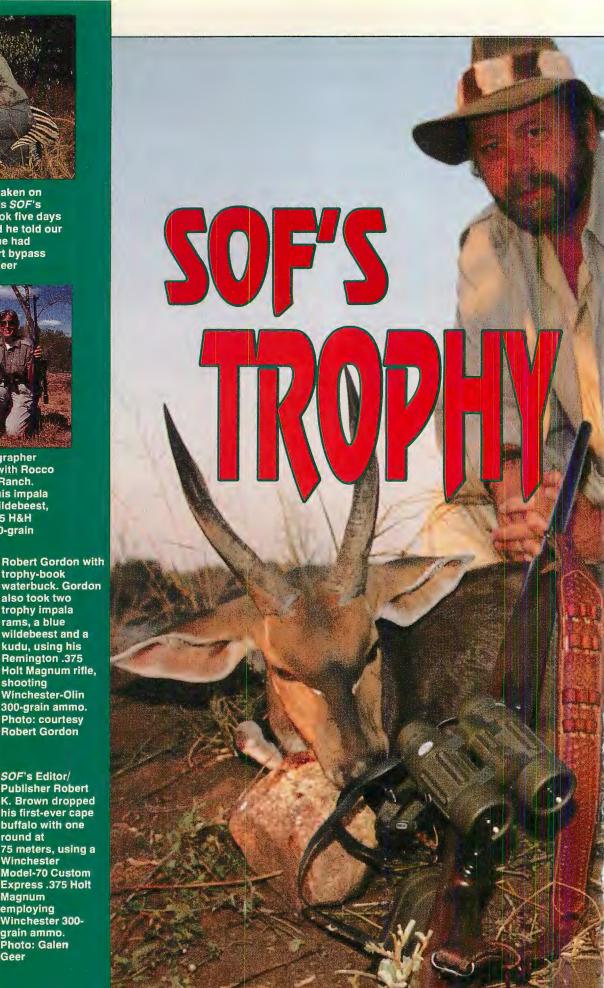
Outdoor writer and photographer Carolee Boyles-Sprenkel with Rocco Gioia, owner of Caskett's Ranch. Boyles-Sprenkel scored this impala ram, as well as a trophy wildebeest, shooting a Winchester .375 H&H Magnum using Federal 270-grain ammo. Photo: (Galen Geer



trophy-book waterbuck. Gordon also took two trophy impala rams, a blue wildebeest and a kudu, using his **Remington**.375 Holt Magnum rifle, shooting Winchester-Olin 300-grain ammo. Photo: courtesy **Robert Gordon**



SOF's Editor/ **Publisher Robert** K. Brown dropped his first-ever cape buffalo with one round at 75 meters, using a Winchester Model-70 Custom Express .375 Holt Magnum employing Winchester 300grain ammo. Photo: Galen Geer



by Galen Geer

Late last May, Soldier Of Fortune sponsored its second annual big-game safari, held at Caskett's Ranch, our host Rocco Gioia's 180,000-acre game reserve near Hoedspruit, South Africa. Once again we hunted a variety of animals, with a party consisting of Dennis Martin, Robert Gordon, Hugo Hartenstein, Floridabased outdoor writer Carolee Boyles-Sprenkel and SOF's Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown, along with the magazine's Special Projects Director Alex McColl and myself.

This time, after trying regularly for more than 20 years, Brown finally took a cape buffalo with a single shot, using a Winchester M-70 Custom Express .375 H&H Magnum. On numerous African safaris he has routinely been frustrated hunting cape buffalo. This year Brown got another opportunity; after checking his rifle's zero at the ranch range, our group went out with Gioia and Lexon, our tracker.

Sometimes a person spends so much time trying to achieve something that when things finally come together and the goal is realized, it seems too easy, as if something is missing. That's how this buffalo hunt went for Brown.

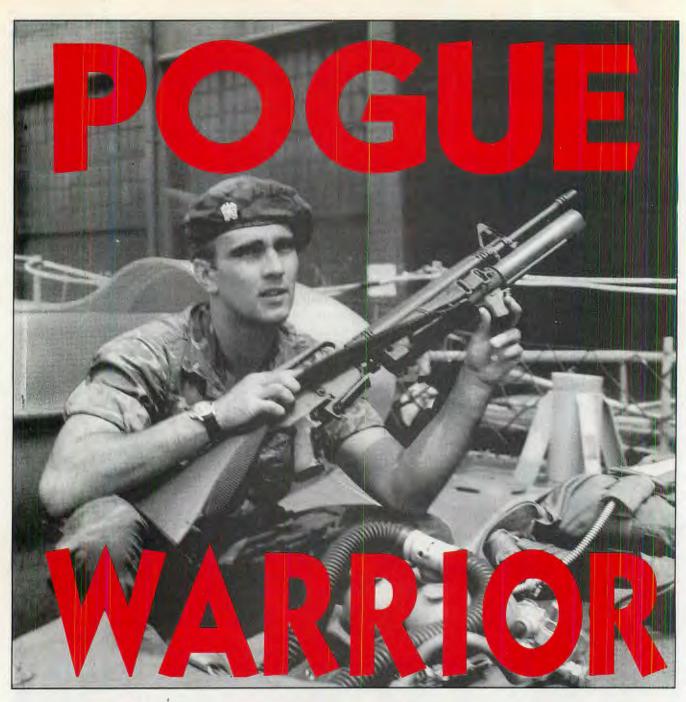
After cutting the spoor of a small buffalo herd around 1430 one afternoon, Lexon conferred with Gioia. The decision was made to let these buffalo continue to lay in the shade another half-hour before going into the bush after them. There was nothing to do but wait, so everyone found some comfortable rocks or grass and stretched out — except Lexon. He circled to make sure the herd didn't leave the area, then returned around 1500 to begin the stalk.

Moving into the bush, Brown set his stopwatch to see how long the stalk took. Following the increasingly fresh spoor, Lexon led the group, brought up at our rear by Gioia and Brown. It seemed like only a few minutes had passed when Lexon pointed ahead and dropped back, letting Gioia take over for the final stalk. These buffalo were still bedded down, with no idea they were being hunted. Gioia and Brown worked their way toward the herd, drawing as close as they dared, then Gioia picked out a bull for Brown to shoot.

As Gioia later noted, it was "a very difficult shot, not

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Galen Geer, author and SOF's Contributing Editor for Outdoor Affairs who organizes the annual hunts, shown here with bushbuck take on host Rocco Giola's South African game ranch. Geer used a Winchester Model 70 Custom Express, 375 Holt Magnum, using 300-grain Winchester Silvertin ammo. Photo: courtesy Galen Geer



Is Truth The First Casualty In War Books?

by Dale Andradé

In the exclusive world of special operations, the U.S. Navy SEALs are at the pinnacle. As their name implies, they are trained to perform missions in all environments – SEa, Air and Land – missions they have performed well since their program's inception in 1962. And of all the highly trained men that make up the SEALs, one has become almost

a household word: the "Rogue Warrior," Richard Marcinko. His book (*Rogue Warrior*, Pocket Books, New York, 1992) is the first SEAL memoir to make *The New York Times*' best-seller list and, for better or worse, it has shaped the public's perception of SEALs.

But how accurate is Marcinko's account? Simply put, it's mostly fiction. Couched in endless profanity, shameAbove: The Rogue Warrior on 1967 SEAL publicity tour with scuba gear and M16A1 mounting 40mm XM-148 grenade launcher. This photo appeared with a *Male* magazine interview at the time touting Marcinko as "Shark Man of the Delta." Photo: *New York Daily News* less self-promotion and petty demagoguery, Marcinko's memoirs take aim at other SEALs who, for one reason or another, did not agree with all he said and did. But as the SEALs' self-appointed spokesman, Marcinko has an obligation to recount events as they really happened — he has not done so.

Some of Marcinko's most egregious lies come from his days in Vietnam. His vicious pen and total disregard for the facts wrongly malign the reputation of a fellow SEAL officer and desecrate the memory of an enlisted man killed while under Marcinko's command. Fortunately for posterity, both incidents can be accurately reconstructed from documents and from the memories of SEALs who were there. Marcinko has had his say; now it is time for others to speak.

Coalfield Commando

Richard Marcinko joined the Navy to escape the poverty of Pennsylvania's coal country. When he enlisted in 1958, Underwater Demolition Teams (UDTs) were the closest thing to a special operations capability the Navy had. The UDTs' history of heroics went back to World War II, when small teams of frogmen - as they were affectionately known - led almost every amphibious landing of the Pacific war, clearing away obstacles so landing craft filled with Marines could make it to the beaches. Marcinko liked what he saw in these unorthodox warriors and envisioned a future for himself in a UDT.

In 1961 Marcinko joined UDT-21 in Little Creek, Virginia, but there was already something new on the horizon. John F. Kennedy's military policy of flexible response and the growing specter of war in Southeast Asia moved the Navy to form a new kind of special operations team — the SEALs. In 1965 Marcinko went through Officer Candidate School and was commissioned as an ensign. At about the same time, the two fledgling SEAL teams were expanding to meet the coming commitment in Vietnam; Marcinko joined up.

Vietnam was a crucible that shaped the SEALs. It was their baptism by fire, a christening that would justify the faith placed in them by President Kennedy when he mandated creation of special operations forces to counter the burgeoning tide of Third World revolution. The first SEALs went to Vietnam in 1962 as part of the covert operations program against North Vietnam. They advised South Vietnamese boat crews running raids along North Vietnam's coast and helped develop a training program for what would become the Provincial Reconnaissance Units (PRUs), indigenous paramilitary forces aimed at seeking out and destroying the Viet Cong's underground political infrastructure.

Not until 1966 were SEALs sent as organic units to Vietnam. They went to the country's heavily populated southern region, the Mekong Delta, considered by military planners as an inappropriate place for large American units with overwhelming firepower. In February of that year a deto avoid civilian casualties. For the next five years, the SEALs remained in the Mekong Delta, honing their counterguerrilla skills and generally making life difficult for the Viet Cong.

While Vietnam was a test for the SEAL institution, it was also a test for each and every individual. Much is made of a warrior's first taste of combat. There is a mystical quality to that moment when the bullets fly and men die. When all the barroom bravado is over and a patrol sets out for the bush, each man must meet himself and gather the will to fight. Some will succeed, others will fail, but in the end all combat is reduced to one man against himself.

The SEALs confronted their devils - those personal and real - in the

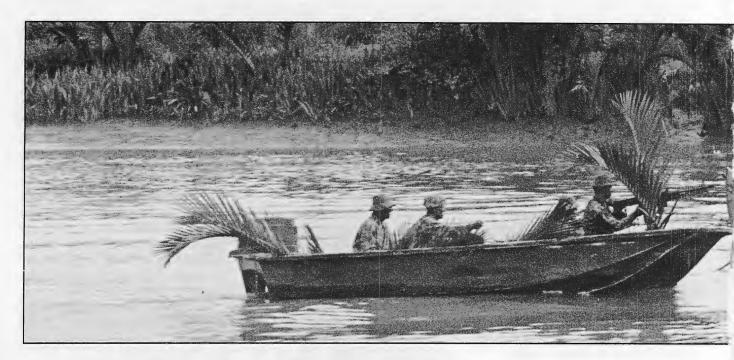


SEAL on shoreline op cleaning out Viet Cong enclave along the languid, yet perilous Bassac River, September 1967, some 70 miles southwest of Saigon. Photo: DoD

tachment from SEAL Team One was sent to the Rung Sat Special Zone, a tangled swamp known as a haven for Viet Cong units.

Elements of SEAL Team Two first arrived in-country on 31 January 1967. After orientation in Nha Be, south of Saigon, the SEALs moved to their new area of operations — the Bassac River and its tributaries, a major network of waterways running parallel to the great Mekong River. SEAL Team Two's deployment was part of an attempt to expand the U. S. military's counterinsurgency capability, while still keeping the level of combat low enough Mekong Delta's maze of waterways and swamps. From the air, the delta's tributaries sparkled like strands of jewels on a verdant velvet carpet of rice paddies and forests. Seen from the ground, the delta was a quagmire laced with canals, rivers and bogs. The Mekong Delta was heaven for Viet Cong guerrillas, hell for Americans and their South Vietnamese allies a perfect killing ground for the SEALs.

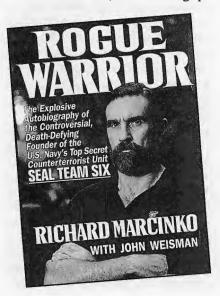
On 13 March 1967, Ensign Marcinko got his first taste of combat, though it was quite different from what he had expected. Far from being a flawless extension of his SEAL training, Marcinko found that in combat he was subject to the same uncertainty, doubt and fallibility as was any other combat officer — whether elite SEAL or straight-leg infantryman. Missions



go wrong, communications fail, the enemy doesn't do what intelligence predicted he would; in short, the muchheralded fog of war usually rules the battlefield. Most men came to understand this, but Marcinko chose to remember Vietnam in a different way, ignoring reality for the sake of his own ego. In the process he maligned some of his fellow SEALs, men who were fighting the same devils of doubt.

Marcinko gave the briefing for that first mission. According to the plan, two squads would deploy to different areas along the Bassac River and set up ambush positions. Marcinko's unit, designated Squad Two Bravo, would insert on the southern tip of Tan Dinh Island at night, then set up an ambush and wait for contact.

Tan Dinh Island, an 11km-long spit



SEALs halting fishermen's *sampan* for search in Rung Sat Special Zone, a tangled region of Mekong Delta swamps and waterways known as a haven for the Viet Cong. Photo: DoD

of mud and marsh set in the languid Bassac, was one of Charlie's favorite playgrounds. The rules of engagement maintained that the entire area was a free-fire zone after dark, meaning anything moving on the river was fair game. Mobile Support Team Two (MST-2), a detachment from Boat Support Unit One (BSU-1), had been detailed to work with SEAL Team Two's 2nd and 3rd platoons; for this mission it would support Marcinko's Squad Two Bravo. Overall command of the mission went to Lieutenant Larry Bailey, commander of 3rd Platoon.

Lieutenant Sam Braly, commander of MST-2, outlined the responsibilities of his boat support unit, which included backing Two Bravo and providing for its extraction. Two armored boats would block the narrow river channel northeast of Tan Dinh Island and prevent any Viet Cong boats from escaping. An LCM (Landing Craft, Medium, also called a "Mike boat") carried the supporting SEALs and was on the west side of the island.

Bailey would man a SEAL Tactical Assault Boat (STAB), a small fiberglass craft powered by two 85horsepower Mercury outboard engines. Armed with two M60 7.62mm machine guns on either side, the STAB was a fast way to get a SEAL squad into action. The boat's primary mission was to watch the river for signs of unfriendly craft; its secondary mission was to support Marcinko's team.

At about 2100, Two Bravo went in. The six men climbed silently over the side of a second STAB and swam across the narrow stretch of the darkened Bassac to Tan Dinh Island. Each SEAL knew his job instinctively; months of intense training had seen to this. Without a word from Marcinko, the patrol melted into the brush and took up positions some 50 yards from the island shore. Then they waited.

For more than an hour nothing moved. Green and black paint covered the SEALs' faces; every loose piece of equipment was taped down to avert noise. It was so quiet even the insects forgot they were there. Marcinko had given word he would trigger the ambush only after a clear target came into view. Concerned that any noise might compromise his position, Marcinko turned off the radio, cutting off all communication with the support boats. Unknown to him at the time, this move would set off a controversy after the mission that would last a lifetime.

Chief Petty Officer Robert Gallagher was the last man on the ambush line. A true warrior, Gallagher ended his three tours in Vietnam with a Navy Cross and two Silver Stars.

Marcinko's account is the first U.S. Navy SEAL memoir to make *The New York Times*' best-seller list; for better or worse, *Rogue Warrior* has shaped the general public's current perception of SEALs.



But on this mission Gallagher was a rookie like the rest of his team. He strained his eyes into the darkness, but there was little to see save the glistening river water.

When the firing opened up, Gallagher was surprised. Not only had he seen nothing, there had been no sound, either. But true to his SEAL training, Gallagher raked his area of the kill zone with fire from his AR-15. Thirty seconds later the shooting tapered off. The SEALs began talking excitedly; discipline and caution went out the window. Two Bravo had killed its first communists.

But Gallagher was not sure even about this. At least he was unclear about what they had shot at. Whatever it was hadn't shot back. As other SEALs whooped in victory like Indians on the warpath, Gallagher spied a rickety sampan floating aimlessly into shallow water near the bank.

"I walked out to the sampan. It was empty except for some cigarettes and a watch," Gallagher said. Where were the Viet Cong they had supposedly killed? Where were their weapons?

Gallagher had only a second to ponder these questions before more firing erupted from the bank. As Gallagher dove for cover, a grenade thrown by one of the SEALs exploded in a deadly geyser less than 10 yards away. Once again there was no enemy fire. As Gallagher dove back for shore he looked around and, he later recalled, "observed several members of the squad firing wildly."

The SEALs' lack of fire discipline

put their entire squad in danger. Marcinko could not know if the sampan was merely the lead element of a much stronger enemy force. If it had been, Two Bravo would have been in deep trouble because, in the excitement, the SEALs had failed to maintain a tight defensive position. But fortunately the Viet Cong did not attack. According to after-action reports, the



SEALs insert to clean out Viet Cong base via assault support patrol boat along canal system in Kien Hoa province 50 miles southwest of Saigon, January 1968. Here they destroyed some 45 bunkers, including a propaganda center and two tax collection stations, detaining 51 VC suspects for interrogation. Photo: DoD

only hostile fire came from more than 1,500 meters away on the riverbank southeast of Two Bravo, though it is likely that this fire came in response to sounds from the STAB and the Mike boat moving in the river just south of Marcinko.

Gallagher and Marcinko tried to get the squad calmed down, but adrenaline kept them pumped up. Shadows became Viet Cong; the river seemed filled with ghostly sampans. According to Gallagher, "several members of the squad continued to fire out of control" at any sound or movement. It took several minutes to end the confusion and form the squad into a secure perimeter.

Marcinko imagined the worst. In his book he claims they were about to be surrounded by a superior force of Viet Cong coming from the island's interior to his squad's rear. "We took fire for eight or 10 minutes — an eternity — while I called and called for the PBR [Patrol Boat, River] or Mike boat," Marcinko wrote. "We moved down the bank shouting for covering fire as we slithered, ducked and rolled our way through the brush, as VC bullets sliced the leaves just over our heads ... "

But no one else heard any firing nor saw any sign of the enemy. In fact, everyone on the river was wondering why there was so much fire from the SEALs and none from the enemy. American assault rifles make a distinctly different sound than do Soviet-designed AK-47s used by the Viet Cong, noises all men in combat come to know very well. But no one recalls hearing the sharp crack of any AKs. Such a harrowing experience would certainly be remembered by other members of the squad, yet Gallagher recalled how he "did not detect any incoming fire ... "

Another member of Marcinko's squad confirms Gallagher's account. According to Petty Officer Ron Rodger, there was no close-quarters firefight. "I remember that there were a couple of tracer rounds that flew over our heads from some unknown source," he said, "but I don't believe that anyone ever fired at us."

From the river, Bailey was startled by the wild firing. His STAB was headed up the waterway about a halfmile away, chasing an unidentified blip reported on the Mike boat's radar screen. It turned out to be a South Vietnamese navy patrol boat heading upstream. When Bailey broke contact, he was less than 500 yards directly west of Marcinko's position. Ironically, he was closer to Two Bravo's ambush position after chasing the South Vietnamese boat than he would have been had he remained near the Mike boat. Yet Marcinko later claimed that by "chasing shadows" up the river, Bailey had left Two Bravo isolated and in danger of annihilation.

cided he had to act. Radioing Lt. Braly aboard the Mike boat, Bailey said he was going in. Extraction of SEALs in trouble always took precedence over other considerations, though Braly questioned Bailey's decision to race to shore and support Marcinko.

"I was concerned and apprehensive about Lieutenant Bailey's decision to approach the ambush site on foot with absolutely no information regarding conditions at that site," Braly said. But his Mike boat was also unable to contact Marcinko, so extraction was the logical next move. Braly's boat eased up the river to act as backup for Bailey, remaining about a half-mile behind to "avoid congestion in the extraction area."

Bailey's STAB raced straight for Two Bravo's position. He didn't know for certain that the Viet Cong were not already there in force – even if



SEAL armed with Stoner system watches for any movement in thick wooded area along a jungle stream, South Vietnam, 1968. Photo: DoD

Although Marcinko claims to have radioed repeatedly for help (he makes no mention of having earlier turned off the radio), neither the Mike boat nor the STAB heard any such call. Bailey himself tried time after time to raise the squad on the radio, but each time there was no reply. Bailey's mind raced — was the squad in trouble? Was their radioman dead? If they ran into danger, Two Bravo was supposed to launch a flare to signal for extraction, but instead there was only total silence.

After several minutes, Bailey de-

they weren't, he stood a good chance of being shot by Marcinko's men, who were clearly already on edge. Bailey and another SEAL, William Bruhmuller, dashed onto the shore (a third man, Ron Fox, remained in the STAB) and almost immediately ran into members of Marcinko's squad.

According to Bailey, these were not men running for their lives. "They had lost any semblance of patrol discipline or security procedures," he recalled. "They were rather loudly celebrating the drawing of their first blood." Bruhmuller remembers it the same way. After he and Bailey came ashore, "we heard Two Bravo moving in our direction, laughing and cutting up," he said. None of Marcinko's squad talked about any firefight. "Usually after a hot ambush, the guys are pumped up and it's awhile before they settle down. This was not the case with Two Bravo. Therefore, I determined it to be a ho-hum operation."

Three Kills?

It was 2310 when the gleeful SEALs left Tan Dinh Island in the STAB and headed for the Mike boat. To lend credence to his claim that Bailey had left him alone, Marcinko claims it was a 15-minute ride back to the Mike boat. But the coordinates given by Braly place the Mike boat about 1km due south of Two Bravo's ambush position — about a twominute ride.

Where were the dead Viet Cong? Two bodies were found; a third was listed as a "probable kill." But despite Marcinko's later claims that the dead men had been part of the Viet Cong political infrastructure, there was little doubt that these were just a few fishermen out after dark. Bailey certainly believed this version. "I was not greatly disturbed, since the area was a free-fire zone," he said. "This meant that after curfew hours anyone caught in the area could be shot. But I don't think these were hard-core Viet Cong."

And this seemed to be what some in Marcinko's squad believed, even at the time. According to Bailey, when Two Bravo's radioman Jim Watson was asked about the victims, he replied that "The fishermen just were in the wrong place at the wrong time." Yet Marcinko was sure he had zapped some important communist couriers. Despite the fact that only cigarettes and a watch were found near the dead - no documents - the official spot report filed after the "firefight" recorded three probable kills, "evaluate[ed] as commo-liaison personnel along route known to be used nightly."

Whatever Marcinko really believed happened out on the river that night, the experience seemed to alter his sense of reality. His book recollects Bailey as remaining on the Mike boat during the ambush, not in the STAB that raced to his aid; he accuses Bailey of abandoning Two Bravo in favor of



Marcinko as a U.S. Navy attaché in Cambodia, 1974, on Mekong River dock with MNK (*Maritime Nationale Khmer*) crew aboard PBR. MNK boats worked to flush out Khmer Rouge riverside ambush sites before 1975 communist victory. Photo: U.S. Navy

chasing shadows upriver.

Despite Marcinko's impression that Bailey "left me hanging out there to dry," no one else who was there recalls it this way. Braly clearly remembers Bailey beaching the STAB in a frantic effort to help Marcinko. In fact, Braly had to use the Mike boat's radar to vector Bailey's STAB to Marcinko's position in the darkness.

"Today, in retrospect," Braly observed, "I think he [Bailey] must have been either completely insane or possessed by an absolutely irresistible death wish."

But Marcinko maintains he was abandoned by Bailey. "I wanted to kill someone," he wrote of the first minutes after Two Bravo's extraction from the island. "If Charlie'd fielded a sizable contingent, Bravo Squad would be hamburger by now, thanks to Larry Bailey." His rage was fueled, he claims, by orders that the Mike boat was headed to aid a South Vietnamese garrison under attack in a small fort several kilometers upriver.

Again, Marcinko's memory fails him. As the small flotilla pushed off following the ambush, Marcinko made no mention of any antipathy toward Bailey. In fact, according to Braly and others, Marcinko was joking along with the other SEALs. The fort referred to was a tiny earthen outpost manned by local South Vietnamese militia; it was also on the SEALs' way home.

The Mike boat's appearance must

have come as quite a surprise to the Viet Cong. After launching flares to light the predawn sky, the SEALs made three or four firing runs in support of the outpost, pouring 81mm mortar rounds, .50-caliber rounds, 40mm grenades and small-arms fire into the clearing around the outpost. Marcinko and his squad took full part in the firing. As Braly later recalled, "I believe that they were completely out of ammunition when the action was over."

But according to Marcinko, his men wanted no part of the fight. He believed Squad Two Bravo was now above the other SEALs who had not, as he saw it, been baptized by fire. "We'd been transformed from warriors into spectators," observed Marcinko. He claims his squad got back in the STAB while the Mike boat added its firepower to the besieged South Vietnamese defense. Marcinko describes gunning the boat's engines



Operating in Phoenix program, SEAL returns captured Viet Cong suspect to Navy landing craft for interrogation, 1967. Photo: DoD

and racing downriver, twisting "easily through the waterspouts of enemy fire." Actually, the Viet Cong never had a chance to fire back at the SEALs – nor did Marcinko leave during the fight.

According to Bailey, Marcinko did not leave until the Mike boat was several kilometers past the South Vietnamese outpost, and even then it was with the full blessings of other SEAL officers. But in his book, Marcinko proudly proclaims how he assaulted a superior officer and then deserted the battlefield: "I grabbed two handfuls of Larry's [Bailey's] shirt and brought us nose to nose ... " he recalls, adding that he accused Bailey of cowardice - "I shoved him up against the cockpit bulkhead ... I felt like breaking the son of a bitch's neck."

Such an encounter, if it occurred, would certainly result in a court-martial. But it didn't happen, as every SEAL who was on the Mike boat can confirm, including Bruhmuller, who went to the island with Bailey to pick up Marcinko's squad. "I never encountered an ensign slamming a lieutenant around. It's just not a good career move," he said.

As commander of the Mike boat, Braly would have been aware of any fighting on deck. "To my knowledge, there was no confrontation between Ensign Marcinko and Lieutenant Bailey, certainly not in the vicinity of the pilot house," he recalled. "Had a confrontation ... occurred elsewhere on the boat, my crew would certainly have informed me."

Why invent the story about a confrontation with Bailey? Marcinko claims Bailey was jealous of Two Bravo's martial prowess: "Now he was trying to get himself a kill, but he was doing it at the expense of my men, and I didn't like that one bit."

Despite Marcinko's belated objections, the outpost was in dire need of help and the SEALs performed a valuable service. The South Vietnamese were so grateful that two days later the sergeant in charge of the outpost looked Bailey up to give him a captured Viet Cong flag in appreciation of the extra firepower. But most damning to Marcinko's version of events is the fact that the outpost was actually on the SEALs' way home. Marcinko claims to have headed downriver for home, but the SEAL base at Tre Noc. a small village just outside Can Tho, was upriver.

The incident is vintage Marcinko. Throughout his career, it was not enough to simply construct an image of himself as a warrior; he also felt it necessary to tear down the reputations of other SEAL officers, as if by doing so he would somehow make himself seem greater still. For in Marcinko's eyes there could be only one true warrior. This same philosophy was foisted onto his enlisted men. Marcinko apparently believed his war stories bolstered the reputations of those men, along with his own, but the reality was he only brought them down to his level.

Squad Two Bravo's men are transformed by Marcinko's fictions from a group of professional and highly disciplined operators into a gang of renegades who willingly left their comrades during an engagement, simply because their commander was angry at one of his fellow officers. This is hardly a compliment to Marcinko's men — fortunately, it isn't true.

Backstabbing SEAL

Just one day after the Bassac River incident, Marcinko spread rumors around the base club at Tre Noc that Bailey had deserted Two Bravo during a fight. Outraged by the accusation, Bailey went to the SEAL detachment commander, Lt. Jake Rhinebolt, to ask for an investigation.

After interviewing Marcinko's squad members and the Mike boat crew, Rhinebolt concluded "there was no lack of proper support" from either lieutenants Braly or Bailey, noting the accusations were "more likely a case of first-operation jitters on Ensign Marcinko's part." The bottom line, according to Rhinebolt, was that "Lieutenant Bailey acted properly in all he undertook that night."

Perhaps Lt. Robert Gormly, another SEAL Team Two squad leader, best summed up this incident. Although he did not play a direct role in the events of 13 March 1967, he was well-aware of Marcinko's backstabbing of Bailey. Gormly laughed at the entire episode, saying, "It was early in our deployment and none of us were combat-hardened — some were seeing VC behind every mangrove tree." But Marcinko could never be so circumspect.

Upon leaving Vietnam after his first tour, Marcinko was convinced he was a warrior and leader of men. His squad had suffered no serious casualties a record he was rightly proud of and he had seen them transformed from a group of undisciplined hotheads into an efficient team. But Marcinko also came back with a skewed notion of war and death.

The unrestrained small-unit combat practiced by SEALs in the Mekong Delta put the final touches on Marcinko's one undiluted professional characteristic: his knack for stepping on toes and ruffling feathers, usually those of officers above him in the chain of command. Marcinko hid his temerity behind the mantle of "unit integrity," a concept he defined as "screw everybody but us."

In itself, unit integrity is a sound



Spit-and-polish Rogue Warrior as SEAL Team Two commander. Marcinko made many enemies in the SpecOps community, but he did possess operational savvy. His book, unfortunately, often concentrates on phony heroics. Photo: U.S. Navy

concept, one which keeps men in battle alive. But Marcinko took it further, creating a web of loyalty and patronage that would make a mafioso proud. Marcinko claimed to do everything for his men, but in reality his career always came first. He wanted blind followers, men who were willing to subscribe to a world view with Marcinko at its center. And there were many who fell under his spell; he made them part of his gang. In the words of one SEAL who knew Marcinko in Vietnam, "He went to the top of Mount Olympus and looked down on his subjects. Anyone who would not climb the slopes to be with him was treated like a heretic."

The bottom line was booze. It permeated Marcinko's existence to the point where he made it an integral part of his life's philosophy. "When, as an officer, my most important job is to build unit integrity," Marcinko eulogized, "there are few better places to build it than late at night, in a bar, when it's you and your five guys against the rest of the world." At least two aspects of this alcoholic ideology would shadow Marcinko throughout his career: incessant drunkenness and the notion that it was always he and his "guys" against everybody else.

In December 1967, Marcinko now a lieutenant, junior grade - was back in Vietnam, this time as commander of SEAL Team Two's 8th Platoon. On the eve of the Tet Offensive. he and his SEALs were in Chau Doc province, right on the Cambodian border at the southern tip of South Vietnam. Although the Tet lunar New Year's holiday was traditionally honored by both sides with a cease-fire, the Viet Cong could generally be relied upon to break the truce. In 1968 they planned to violate the cease-fire in a big way, though at the time the U.S. military only suspected that something was going to happen.

Marcinko's platoon, along with a local PRU force, were involved in a joint operation executed along the Cambodian border. In the early hours of 31 January, they ran into groups of Viet Cong massing for an attack. At the time they could not know they were witnessing the Tet Offensive's outbreak. Vastly outnumbered, the SEAL and PRU troops withdrew to Chau Doc City. Less than two hours later — a little after 0300 — the Viet Cong attacked, striking the provincial capital with 1,400 men.

Although they were not trained in the deadly art of urban combat, the SEALs did what they could to bolster the local defense. Marcinko's 8th Platoon and a handful of American PRU advisers scattered around the city, lending their firepower wherever it was needed. In the city center, a small team of SEALs found the Viet Cong tactical headquarters, set up curiously in a movie theater; they tried to knock it out.

Marcinko creates yet another mythological scene in his retelling of this battle. Once again he plays the warlord as savior and, once again, there are incompetent, higher-ranking fools standing in the way of his derring-do. But this time there is a new twist: Marcinko as martyr, for it was in Chau Doc that he lost one of his men.

Petty Officer Clarence T. Risher was the only SEAL killed while under Marcinko's command, a fact which clearly hurt him deeply. But it should come as no surprise that Risher's story

Continued on page 71

The litany of lies, arrogance and incompetence demonstrated by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) in its bloody raid at the Branch Davidian Church near Waco, Texas, was an anomaly, a unique deviation.

Or so the U.S. Department of the Treasury's follow-up report would have us believe.

"Despite the flaws exposed by the events outside Waco ... ATF has a history of success," its final paragraph reads. "That fine tradition, together with the line agents' commitment to the truth and their courage and determination, has enabled ATF to provide our country with a safer and more secure nation under law."

But to those who track ATF's enforcement operations, the facts tell another story. The Waco case is not the dead end of a temporarily aberrant diversion. It is only the most remarkably tragic stop along a dark road. Waco is the result of a quarter-century of contempt for the U.S. Constitution and especially its Second Amendment, the logical extension of long-unchecked enforcement abuses and a fundamental belief by ATF that it is above the law.

Though hardly comparing with what the ATF did in the Waco case, there are many examples that demonstrate an institutional pattern of behavior by bureau agents. Alert Soldier Of Fortune readers have brought many of these to our attention. This article is the first in a series

ONE FLEW THROUGH THE CUCKOO'S NET



25 January 1993 — Police remove body of one shooting victim from car at intersection outside CIA's main gate in McLean, Virginia, after Mir Aimal Kansi calmly walked from car to car firing AK-47. Inept ATF agent's dismissal of area gun dealer's positive ID of Kansi provided killer plenty of time to flee to Pakistan, then vanish. Photo: AP/Wide World

BATF Gumshoes Let CIA Assassin Escape by James L. Pate

of occasional stories that will share these examples in the hope that, one day, members of Congress will demand from ATF strict accountability for its actions — common decency and respect toward the citizens it should serve instead of subjugate.

This case – a prime example of ATF's frequent investigative ineptitude – occurred about a month before the Waco raid. It is yet another instance in which investigators, instead of compiling information and evaluating it logically, picked a suspect and then sent agents into the streets to find evidence to support their conclusions.

Mir Aimal Kansi could have been

just another frustrated driver stuck in the morning rush-hour traffic of metropolitan Washington, D.C. But the long line of cars in which the Pakistani waited on Monday, 25 January 1993, was poised to turn left into the main gate of the Central Intelligence Agency headquarters in McLean, Virginia. And Kansi was not just another pissed-off motorist.

Stepping from his car with an AK-47 rifle, Kansi moved quickly, putting the rifle barrel right up to the window glass of each victim's stopped vehicle before squeezing the trigger. Moving methodically, Kansi shot five men, all but one of them CIA employees. One of the two fatalities was Frank A. Darling, 28, a CIA covert operations officer. Darling's wife Judy, also a CIA employee, was sitting next to him with a front-seat view of her husband's murder.

Rifle in hand, Kansi ran back to a brown Datsun hatchback, jumped in, wheeled around in traffic and sped away, disappearing into the rush-hour confusion.

Speculation began immediately over whether the shooting was a brazen "hit," or if the crime scene's location just outside the CIA complex was coincidental. ATF jumped into the case immediately, along with the FBI, the CIA and several state and local agencies. No doubt wanting to impress the big boys, the ATF went in thinking they had it all figured out.

According to several people familiar with this ATF investigation, the case supervisors quickly picked a suspect - the wrong one. ATF targeted Michael Murray, a Fairfax County, Virginia, man who handed out meticulously typed, disjointed hellfire-andbrimstone religious diatribes. These occasional rantings - a copy of one was obtained by SOF were aimed at "U.S. intelligence personnel." Murray had been suspected of painting anti-CIA slogans on street pavement and bridge abutments, investigators told SOF.

ATF agents fanned out, checking the thousands of gun dealers in the region to find out if - where - their suspect had bought an AK-47. The morning after the shootings, an ATF agent visited the gun

store where the murder weapon had been purchased. An employee there who happened to see a composite sketch drawn from eyewitness accounts told the ATF agent that the man he was looking for was Mir Aimal Kansi.

The store manager quickly located an ATF Form 4473 with Kansi's name on it. Kansi had picked up the AK-47 only four days earlier. The ATF agent seemed disinterested, continuing to look through a pile of 4473s for a form with the name of the suspect ATF had already decided on.

Interesting Coincidences

CIA agent Frank Darling had not been assigned to headquarters very long before his murder, *The Washington Times* reported. He and his wife, the former Judy Becker, had met while both were working for the CIA in Miami; they married in October 1992. Frank Darling's cover assignment in

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION

WANTED BY THE FBI

CAPITAL MURDER



MIR AIMAL KANSI DESCRIPTION

Date of Birth: February 10, 1964; Place of Birth: Pakistan; Height: 5'5"; Weight:154 lbs.; Build: medium; Hair: black, medium length; Eyes: black; Complexon: dark; Sex: male; Nationality: Pakistani; Remarks: Kansi was wearing a tan jacket and dark- colored pants (possibly blue jeans). Kansi was last seen driving a dull medium-brown 1970's or early 1980's compact station wagon. Social Security Numbers Used: 225-65-2625, 230-59-2345.

CAUTION

KANSI IS BEING SOUGHT IN CONNECTION WITH THE SHOOTING OF FIVE INDIVIDUALS, UTILIZING AN AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLE. THE SHOOTING OCCURRED OUTSIDE CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA, AND RESULTED IN TWO DEAD AND THREE WOUNDED. KANSI HAS BEEN IN POSSESSION OF OTHER ASSAULT RIFLES AND SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

\$1 million reward on Kansi's head won't likely be collected — he ducked the feds with relative ease. Poster: courtesy FBI

Florida was to gather intelligence on the Cuban government. But an intelligence source quoted by the Times implied Darling may have also been involved in a Miami-based CIA operation allegedly funneling guns to Afghanistan through Pakistan. That operation, according to the Times, was exposed when a military-arms broker was sentenced to prison for selling \$65 million in weapons to Iraq's Saddam Hussein. His defense rested on a claim that he was working for the CIA, which he said set up an arms pipeline to aid the mujahideen in Afghanistan. The pipeline involved weapons shipped from the United States to Iraq, then forwarded to a mujahideen supply base in Quetta, a provincial capital about midway along Pakistan's border with Afghanistan.

The CIA, of course, denied knowing anything about the gunrunner or his story. It was interesting that he mentioned Quetta, though, a smaller-sized city that was a launching pad for CIA operations into nearby Afghanistan.

Quetta is also the hometown of Mir Aimal Kansi, who belongs to a politically prominent family. Kansi's uncle, Malik Gul Hasan Kansi, was an adviser to Pakistan's late President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq. Zia and his followers were targeted by a terrorist group called al-Zulfiqar. (Zia was eventually assassinated, killed when a hidden bomb exploded on his plane in 1988.)

In a scenario eerily prescient of the shooting outside CIA headquarters, Malik Kansi was killed in 1984 when a gunman walked up next to his car and fired from extremely close range. Pakistani officials said Malik Kansi was killed by a relative irate over a land deal. But intelligence analysts theorized it might be a hit by al-Zulfiqar

terrorists, proxy in a CIA plot.

Mir Aimal Kansi entered the United States illegally (sound familiar?) in March 1991. In February 1992 he applied for political asylum and, in the meantime, was granted a one-year work permit. He got a job driving a cab in the metro-D.C. area and shared an apartment with Zahed Mir, another Pakistani. During the summer, Kansi landed a second job with Excel Couriers in Herndon, Virginia — the only courier service authorized to make deliveries to CIA headquarters. (Kansi was not on the list of couriers approved for such deliveries.)

Excel's owner Christian Marchetti shares office space with his dad, Victor Marchetti. Until his retirement in 1969, Victor Marchetti was a CIA agent, an executive assistant to CIA Director Richard Helms. The elder Marchetti told *The Washington Post* he doubts Kansi has any link to the CIA, but noted "in the secret business



Next to portrait of her murdered husband, Judy Darling testifies before U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee last August during hearings on "assault weapons." Photo: AP/Wide World

of intelligence – which is a wilderness of mirrors, someone once said – anything is possible."

David Condon Inc., where Kansi bought the AK-47 used in the CIA shootings, is not just another gun shop. Located in Chantilly, Virginia, its owner and namesake stands out in the retail firearms business. He is known throughout this country and abroad for fine firearms, including handguns and long guns, sporting and collectible pieces. The store does not generally stock military-type long guns.

Condon and his business, as well as its resident master gunsmith David J. Fischer, are well-known to the Smithsonian Institution. Condon is consulted on firearms acquisitions and Fischer regularly works with the Smithsonian on the restoration, repair and maintenance of rare and antique guns.

Waiting Period No Deterrent

While clerks are paid an hourly wage plus a sales commission, Condon values business integrity over sales volume. The store has a standing policy unusual in the gun business: If, for *any* reason, a Condon sales clerk feels uncomfortable or suspicious about a potential customer, the clerk may refuse to make the sale. After the customer leaves, the clerk gets an immediate \$10 bonus.

One part-time clerk who confirmed that policy is City Sheriff Steve Bittle of Falls Church, Virginia, who assisted Kansi the first time Kansi ever came into Condon's store in early January 1993. Bittle, who has almost 30 years of law enforcement experience, said he sold Kansi a Colt AR-15 rifle and a Makarov pistol. After Kansi filled out the state and federal forms and produced a driver's license to prove his Virginia residency, Bittle telephoned the Virginia State Police for a criminal records check, which checked out OK. But a 72-hour waiting period on the purchase of a handgun, enacted in Fairfax County about 25 years ago, made it necessary for Kansi to return to pick up the Makarov.

Kansi returned for the Makarov on 16 January, Bittle said, nine days before the CIA shootings. Because his waiting-period card had been approved, Kansi exercised his option to buy another handgun. He picked out a Beretta .25-caliber semiautomatic and paid cash.

Several days later, when Bittle was not working at the gun store, Kansi called back to say he did not like the AR-15 and wanted to buy an AK-47 instead. Store manager Britton Condon, the owner's son, said he told Kansi they would arrange a trade. The store got the AK-47 from A&A Guns, a Fairfax dealer, then called Kansi back and told him it was ready for pickup.

Foreboding Fieldstrip

On 22 January, Kansi returned with the Colt, which he traded with additional cash for the AK-47. Bittle wasn't working at the gun store that day, so Britton Condon helped Kansi. It turned out Kansi did not like the Colt because, after taking it apart for cleaning, he was unable to correctly reassemble the weapon. Condon asked Fischer to come out to the counter and make sure Kansi knew how to take the AK-47 apart and correctly put it back together.

Kansi was "very well-mannered, very well-spoken," the gunsmith told SOF. "He was attentive, real quiet. I told him how to break it down and clean it. I spent about 20 or 30 minutes with him, so I got a pretty good look at him."

Four days later — the morning after the CIA shootings — an ATF agent in brown loafers, blue jeans, sport coat and fanny-pack holster showed up. He flashed his badge, Britton Condon recalled, and asked to look through the store's Form 4473s to see who had bought any Kalashnikov-type rifles in the past year.

The ATF agent, whose name neither Condon nor Fischer can remember, apparently had already made up his mind on whom the CIA shooting culprit was and "didn't ask me if anyone had bought AKs recently," Britton Condon said. "He led me to believe



Falls Church, Virginia, City Sheriff Steve Bittle. Working as a part-time clerk in a suburban D.C.-area gun store, Bittle twice dealt with Mir Aimal Kansi, wanted for the brazen shooting of CIA agent Frank Darling and four others just outside Agency headquarters. Photo: James L. Pate

he was looking for a guy named Murray. I did a computer search for Murray," which was negative. "He seemed sure it was Murray."

In the meantime Fischer returned from a dental appointment, asked why the ATF agent was there and then reminded Condon that Kansi had picked up an AK-47 only days before. It was memorable, Condon said, because the store sells "very few" of that type of weapon.

Condon pulled a Form 4473 with Kansi's name and address and showed

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DIRTY LITTLE CORPS FOR DIRTY LITTLE WARS

Does Uncle Sam Need A Foreign Legion? by Colonel David Hackworth

I'd like to have two armies:

One for display with lovely guns, tanks, little soldiers, staffs, distinguished and doddering generals, and dear little regimental officers who would be deeply concerned over their general's bowel movements or their colonel's piles, an Army that would be shown for a modest fee on every fairground in the country.

The other would be the real one, composed entirely of young enthusiasts in camouflaged uniforms, who would not be put on display but from whom impossible efforts would be demanded and to whom all sorts of tricks would be taught. That's the Army in which I should like to fight. – Jean Larteguy, The Centurions

1 once served in a U.S. Army unit composed of hard-core warriors and led by centurions. It was the "real one" Larteguy wrote of. It was sort of a throwback to another age – the pre-World War II "Brown Shoe" army.

My regiment, the 351st Infantry, was a crack unit of hand-picked "young enthusiasts." To get into this elite unit, a trooper had to be a gungho hard charger with a spotless record, have an IQ of 100 or above - which was kind of rocket science stuff back then - have no sick call with the dreaded clap and no company punishment (now UCMJ, Article 15). In Short, all TRUST (Trieste U.S. Troops) troopers were lean and mean pros. This efite regiment was based in northern Italy between 1945 and 1954, and its only connection with the other U.S. Army was a boat that sailed into the port of Trieste from the States once a month, bringing mail, replacements and supplies.

The problems affecting the other Army never bothered us and, for that matter, never contaminated the irondisciplined TRUST, who could drill and drink as well as we could fight. We existed in a microcosm of times past where standards were old-horsecavalry-unit exact and discipline was combat-readiness-razor-sharp. Yet morale was sky high. Almost every TRUST private first class could run a platoon in that other Army in the blink of an eye. From my reconnaissance squad, every member who stayed in the Army became at least a master sergeant or was commissioned.

In many ways, our proud regiment

Say "foreign legion" and most will think of French Foreign Legion, like this unit on Corsica, which has efficiently served foreign military Interests of France from colonial times to today. Photo: Bill Brooks existed in a time warp. It was an old soldier's dream. The colonel, captains and sergeants were a law unto themselves. Our skippers followed the tough little pre-Doolittle Board red book (UCMJ), which, back during World War II, had one hell of a bite. Discipline and order were never a problem. NCOs ran everything. In four years I seldom got into trouble, but if I did, the old Sarge would usually say, "You want to work for me or the captain?" NCO punishment was swift, fair and firm: two weeks of making big rocks small with a 16-pound sledge,

from after evening chow to taps. After that, all was forgotten. There was no paperwork, no bust, no record and no hard feelings when the punishment was worked off.

In 1950, it was my turn to take the boat home and join that other Army. I was blown away that we both wore the same uniform. The standards, the discipline, the fighting ability were like comparing a Roman chariot to an Abrams tank. In super salesmen than warrior leaders and are quick to accept the changes coming down from the huggy-feely "the-military-is-a-big-happy-laboratory-for-social-change" civilian leaders. Unfortunately, the motto of most of the top brass is "go along to get along at any price." For many, career and personal ambition go before the welfare of their men.

Today, real warriors — those wonderful, rare animals — seldom reach the top NCO or officer ranks, except in special units: Marine Recon, Special Forces, SEALs, Rangers and the

Storm when it refought World War II. The new face of war will be low-intensity conflicts: terrorist stuff, ethnic, religious and tribal fights that our all-volunteer, down-sized armed forces - along with their wives, children and fat headquarters - won't be able to handle. Nor will our Congress or the American people, who want swift, bloodless wars followed by confettisprinkled victory parades and instant Schwarzkopf-like heroes who modestly tell us, "It doesn't take a hero." There are more flagpoles than fighting holes in today's armed forces, and Clinton is doing

а

his level best to

hollow it out even more. Because of

funds, wrong-

headed priorities

and no real strat-

egy, our armed

forces will be con-

fined to garrison

and peacekeeping/

humanitarian/re-

Skelton estimates

that by year's end,

the U.S. Army

alone could have

about half of its

combat division

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Former SOF staffer and French legionnaire Bill Brooks and friend guard bridge in Djibouti. French Foreign Legion was formed when French empire stretched from Africa to Asia, South America to South Pacific. Could present U.S. global interests be served by similar legion? Photo: courtesy Bill Brooks

Italy, we were a lost warrior tribe in the middle of the Amazon, happily maintaining the martial standards of a time long past.

Unfortunately, we cannot dial back the past. As a result, the future of the American profession of arms doesn't look real good. Congresspersons like Pat Schroeder - bleeding hearts for social opportunity and equality, such as homosexuals openly serving in our military, women being grunts and every recruit having a spouse - are not advocates of kill-or-be-killed combat readiness. This harebrained group of do-gooders and social engineers has lowered standards and made our military more like the post office than a 24-hour a day, hard-charging life-anddeath fighting organization. Compounding the social experiments brought on by the Schroeders and Clintons - who all have a record of "loathing" the military – are the new managerial-type top generals running the show today. They are more like

rare line unit whose top kick and/or CO is a centurion throwback willing to challenge a "civilianized" military establishment that has more dependents than trigger pullers. As a result, there are few hard-core units left. The U.S. military has gradually become a job, not a calling. It is no longer the selfless profession of arms that General Douglas MacArthur spoke of at West Point in 1962 when he said, "Through all this welter of [social] change and development, your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable - it is to win our wars. Everything else in your professional career is but corollary to this vital dedication. All other public purposes, all other public projects, all other public needs, great or small, will find others for their accomplishment; but you are the ones who are trained to fight; yours is the profession of arms."

The Army with "lovely guns, tanks ... distinguished and doddering generals" made its last charge during Desert tied up in peacekeeping roles in hot spots like the Golan Heights, Somalia, Haiti, Sinai and Macedonia. He says these missions cast "grave doubts on the ability of the U. S. military to accomplish the stated national military strategy."

Soldiers To Defend Our State Of Denial

Then there's all that blood — which few people in America have the stomach for — that will come our way in the nightmare facing the planet Earth during the post Cold War, new world disorder. Yes, the Cold War is over. But war ain't going away, it will just come in smaller, more nasty doses. Look at the Balkans, Haiti, Cambodia and Somalia, post-Cold War hot spots, where the U.N. peace force has proven to be a toothless, multi-layered and ineffective giant.

With the end of the Cold War, the former Soviet enemy is eating itself up, republic by former republic. Amid

AMERICAN FREEDOM FORCE

l enthusiastically endorse Dave Hackworth's "American Freedom Force" concept. As usual, Hack has come forward with an imaginative idea that makes both military and economic sense.

The French have been well-served by their Foreign Legion. The Gurkha units recruited by the British in Nepal have made an equally great contribution to the battle history of the British army. The recruitment methods of some "foreign legions" would not wash with the American people, but the principle is sound as long as it is used to recruit the cream — not the dregs — of foreign military personnel.

Our own experience with Philippine Scouts, CIDG units in Vietnam, and KATUSAs (Korean Augmentation to the U.S. Army) should have demonstrated that the concept is both sensible and cost effective.

Consider the KATUSA program, which was started in the Pusan Perimeter days of the Korean War and remains in place today. KATUSAs have constituted roughly 20% of the enlisted ranks of the U.S. units serving in South Korea. They are paid on the same scale as the Korean army (a fraction of the pay for U.S. counterparts) and remain with the U.S. units for their entire service — three years — as opposed to the one-year tour by U.S. soldiers. Thus, they lend continuity and relieve personnel turbulence associated with the one-year "hardship tour" served by U.S. soldiers.

Hack's creative concept has been brought forward at a timely moment. Given the fact that we are now the only superpower, we must face the fact that situations will arise that make U.S. military intervention inevitable. Nevertheless, the sensitivity to U.S. casualties is not likely to lessen. Also, we should be seeking a force structure that is highly cost effective. Hack's idea fills the bill on both counts and therefore merits serious consideration.

A final thought: only the best natural leaders have proven effective in the command of foreign troops. Hopefully somewhere in the ranks of today's Army there are some potential Hollingsworths, Hackworths, Moores, Halys and Beckwiths who could provide the inspiring leadership that such a bold concept requires.

-Lt. Gen. Hank Emerson

the debris and chaos of their collapse, many gang leaders, war lords and aspirant dictators are grabbing power and turf, not only in the old "Evil Empire," but all over the world. America has been getting sucked into these quagmires one by one in our new Robocop/surviving world superpower/ Red Cross/Salvation Army role. So far, our win record has not been good, mainly because we have sent the wrong teams and have been under control of the United Nations.

What is needed is a new team that can jump into these fights when America's national interest is involved and slug it out, take the occasional pounding and not draw the heat from a liberal press — most of whom, like the majority of the yuppy-filled White House and Departments of State and Defense, have never worn a uniform except in some private finishing school. A reluctant Congress and reticent citizens will resist sending popular regular personnel to fight in these unpopular wars.

The new military team I have in mind that would be designed to fight in the messy little wars could be called "The American Foreign Legion" or "American Freedom Force." Its military model would be the French Foreign Legion, a force I observed closely during Desert Storm and more recently in Somalia. They are the finest warriors, pound for pound, and finest fighting force I've seen since my days in Trieste. During the Legion's proud 163-year history, it has served France well with a force of tough, nonpolitical, highly disciplined, inexpensive, professional light infantry fighters. Such warriors are ideally suited for the little fights which are going to come down the track fast and furious in the years ahead.

Been There, Done That

We've used foreign volunteers before, except instead of calling them the American Foreign Legion, they went under other names, such as the American Regular Army Cadre Philippines



Other nations with external interests formed foreign legions. Spanish Foreign Legion, shown here during operations to solidify Spanish Moroccan position in mid-1920s, was organized by gifted but wildly eccentric Millan Astray (inset) who recruited by emptying Spanish jails with offers inmates couldn't refuse. No longer accepting foreigners or criminals, Spanish Foreign Legion still serves. Photo: Postal-Expres; inset: Spanish Ministry of Information

Scouts or, during the Vietnam War, the 5th Special Forces Group's Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG) – a 50,000 man, damn-capable force composed of ethnic and tribal minorities mostly from Vietnam's hinterlands, led by American elite Green Beret warriors. Both the Scouts and the CIDG were far more effective, less costly and less politically troublesome than a regular U.S. unit. Throughout the Vietnam War, despite dumb missions laid on them by conventionally warped brass, the CIDG was extraordinarily effective.

In 1971, I had operational control of Company D, 5th Special Forces Group, when I ran the delta's 44th Special Tactical Zone's advisory command. Each of the 13 Special Forces A teams controlled about 1,000 mainly ethnic Cambodian fighters. These battalions conducted highly effective operations along the Cambodian border and on occasion, when they were "lost," foraged into Cambodia and knocked the hell out of the North Vietnamese. They later converted from Special Forces to what were called "Border Rangers." As Special Forces and later Rangers, they were far more effective than the supposedly elite South Vietnamese Rangers, marines and parachute units the zone frequently had operational control of – and they required far less logistical support. In sum, they were lean, mean, awesome soldiers who fought hard and had a lethal sting - and there were initially only 11 Americans per battalion.

The major advantage of forming an American Foreign Legion would be that the USA would have a dedicated light infantry force composed of foreign volunteers that could be ridden hard in unpopular low intensity conflicts, and in peacekeeping and humanitarian missions. Our regular forces could train for and focus on preparing to fight regional conflicts such as with North Korea, Iran and Iraq. Their military readiness would not be degraded by the "little wars" and our national security wouldn't be impaired. The press and American people wouldn't go nuts either, when the AFL took casualties, because the body bags wouldn't be filled with

the longterm institutional memory that would come from knowing the terrain, the enemy and each other like one knows his own front teeth. Discipline would be Brown-Shoe-Army rigid and ramrod tough because inspectors general, congressional inquiries and an inquiring press wouldn't be around to intimidate COs from demanding that their warriors be exactingly trained and rigidly disciplined. Nor would these hard-core warriors, while on operations, drink cold Coke, watch movies and USO shows and have R&R trips on luxury liners or to foreign cities as our pampered regular forces did during Vietnam and Desert Shield. All such morale and comfort



U.S. troops man roadblock in Panama during Operation Just Cause. Could small, forward-deployed legion units prove an effective deterrent to anticipated small-war scenarios of the '90s? Photo: DoD

corn-fed boys from Iowa, but rather with volunteers from El Salvador, Poland and Nepal. Our media and civilians would look upon their AFL casualties as the citizens of Rome looked at a gladiator going down: "Well, too bad, but that's the dude's job."

All Tooth And No Tail

Warriors below the grade of first sergeant couldn't be married, so there wouldn't be morale problems or other such downer baggage brought on by low pay and long separations from home base. Units would deploy to an operational area and stay there until the mission was accomplished. Unit turbulence (which haunts our regular forces today, with an average turnover of 30% to 40% in TO&E Army combat units) would be limited to only losses from casualties. Thus unit cohesion - that critical teamwork which comes from working together would be greatly enhanced because of goodies would be shut off until the job was done, leaving few people bringing up the rear: *It would be a force of minimum tail and maximum tooth*.

There would be no bulky overhead as in the U.S. military. For example, during Vietnam and also Desert Storm, behind every frontline warrior there were at least 10 rear-echelon commandos drawing combat pay. In Vietnam, there were 560,000 people in the theater and only about 60,000 hunting and being hunted by Charlie. The ratio was even worse during Desert Storm.

Since the AFL foreign volunteers would be paid less than half what serving U.S. soldiers receive, Congress could field from three to four regionally oriented AFL divisions for less than half the cost of a U.S. light division. Not only would America receive more bang for the buck, but we would have a better team on the field that could understand the culture and speak the language. In these types of operations, the latter two factors - knowing the people and being able to talk to them - are more important than the number of cannons the AFL would deploy.

The force I envision would not be an army like Oliver North's rag-tag Nicaraguan Contras, nor a cadre of released criminals — such as the early Spanish Foreign Legion — but a legitimate, highly disciplined outfit that would come directly under the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, who could further delegate AFL opcon with the U.S. Special Operations Command, who run worldwide Special Forces, Rangers, SEAL and Air Commando operations.

Transients and ticket punchers largely responsible for our loss in Vietnam because no one stayed around long enough to learn the nature of the war, and who exist in even bigger numbers, from second lieutenant to four-star general, in today's armed forces — would be banned. Except for positions opened by casualties, all officer positions would require a fouryear minimum tour.

Platoon, company, battalion and regimental COs would be frozen in their jobs for a three-year period, after a oneyear initial tour as a trainer in each division's training depot. The officer and initially the NCO cadre would come from the USMC and Army (preferably USMC Force Reconnaissance, Special Forces and Ranger units) and be seconded to the AFL for a minimum of six years. Within 10 years, the AFL would be producing their own NCOs from within, and after this, only officer replacements would come from U.S. units.

Promotion By Those Who Know

Promotion for NCOs and officers would be made by the division CG based on TO&E vacancy. There would be no distant Pentagon boards to decide who would make 03 or E6 or who would command a battalion or regiment. Enlisted soldiers would come from the area of the unit's primary interest (the Americas for Western Hemisphere units, Asia for Pacific units and Europe for the Atlantic units). Recruits would be strong, bright and motivated. Criminals need not apply, but no petty questions would be asked about backgrounds. The requirement should be that the volunteer be made of warrior material.



When American citizens/interests were threatened in Grenada, Operation Urgent Fury assembled force from all branches and many units, including these 82nd Airborne troopers. An American Foreign Legion could readily handle such tasks. Photo: SOF staff

Values and morals would be pounded into them and shaped by their NCOs, much as mine were as a 15year-old lad in Italy. Again, the French Foreign Legion recruit depot and training system should serve as a model.

With present down-sizing, there are more than enough great, highly motivated NCOs and officers who have gotten pink slips from our Army and Marine Corps. They have the right stuff to cadre the AFL. Age restrictions and petty past troubles would not apply. Physical and mental competence and experience would be the criteria. I've know too many 50-yearold studs with years of great war-fighting experience, who could walk, climb and fight younger men into the ground: The cadre should be made up of such centurions.

The mission or objective of the AFL would be to provide, at a low cost with minimum political complications, a fighting force of hard-hitting warriors to handle low intensity conflict/peacekeeping/humanitarian/ anti-drug operations. Because of national security considerations, which include anti-drug operations, the first unit to be organized would be the Americas force. It should be built on the crawl-to-walk-to-run principle. First a battalion, then a regiment and then three infantry regiments with division headquarters and a light logistical tail.

The Americas force could be based in Puerto Rico and composed primarily of Spanish-speaking soldiers and cadre. English would be the command

The second division to be formed should be built gradually along similar lines as the Americas division, and initially be based in the Middle East, ideally in Kuwait (perhaps with total Kuwaiti funding). This force would be a heavier unit, trained in mid-level conflict and equipped with "fire and forget" anti-tank missiles (Milan and Gallant) mounted in light armored and four-wheel-drive vehicles. It would be composed of volunteers from the former Warsaw Pact, and its focus, at least for the next decade, should be on Iran and Iraq. This force would be reinforced quickly by regular units when the crap hits the fan. The Pacific Force would be based ideally on Guam, where there are great training areas and a good airfield, and would train for low intensity conflicts in the



GIs arrive in Gulf to participate in eviction of Iraqi forces from Kuwait. Large-scale operations may require bulk of U.S. assets and attention — but an American Foreign Legion could serve to quell small problems in small (and unpopular) conflicts. Photo: DoD

language as French is in the legion. Enlistment would be for six years, after which the AFL soldier could, if service was exemplary and he was proficient in English, be eligible for U.S. citizenship. As an incentive at this time, the AFL warrior could transfer to the U.S. regular Army or USMC. After one tour, NCOs and officers would be allowed to transfer back to the regular forces or extend in the AFL. As a carrot, for every six years with AFL, the cadre would receive eight year's retirement credit. Artillery, medical, engineering, logistical and helicopter support would be provided both at base camp and during operations by guard and reserve units on tours of extended active duty. Tac air and airlift would be provided as needed. FACs (forward air controllers) and ALOs (air liaison officers) would come from the supporting **USAF/USMC** units.

Pacific Rim region. Its volunteers would come from all over Asia.

Each regionally oriented force would serve as a multipurpose strike force: LIC, peacekeeping and humanitarian missions. These forces would never serve as a unit in the United States. However, its cadre and inhouse promoted NCOs should attend U.S. service schools, as well as the best of foreign schools (Israelis for armor/Australians for jungle warfare, et cetera).

And Train Like They'll Fight

Training would be hands-on in the field with maximum live-fire exercises. Battle drill would be just that. They would not follow the Army example of computer games or everyone lining up behind sandbags and firing at targets with more controllers

Continued on page 83

In 1983 Jeff Cooper defined the "general purpose rifle" as "... a conveniently portable, individually operated firearm, capable of striking a single decisive blow, on a live target of up to 200 kilos in weight, at any distance at which the operator can shoot with the precision necessary to place a shot in a vital area of the target."

The envelope was prescribed by Cooper with a maximum length of one meter (39.37 inches) and a total weight, empty, no greater than three kilograms (approximately 6.6 pounds).

The rifle resulting from these parameters was to be convenient, powerful (whatever that means), accurate, rugged, versatile and aesthetically pleasing. This concept has come to be known as the "Scout Rifle," and in little more than a decade Gunsite Training Center Inc. (Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 700, Paulden, AZ 86334; phone: 602-636-4565, fax: 602-636-1236) has succeeded in meeting, and in some instances exceeding, all of the original design criteria.

There have been numerous short, lightweight military bolt-action rifles chambered for full-size cartridges. The British No. 5 MkI "Jungle Carbine" is an example. There were an almost infinite number of carbines based on the '98 Mauser action and even earlier Mauser designs. Examples include the Spanish and Argentine M91 Carbine, Belgian M89 Lightened Carbine, Spanish M95 Carbine, Swedish M94/14 Carbine, Argentine Model 1909 Cavalry Carbine, FN Dutch Police Carbine, Iranian Models 98/29 and 49 Short Rifles, German Model 33/40 and so on. Most of them exhibited an unacceptable flash signature and increased recoil.

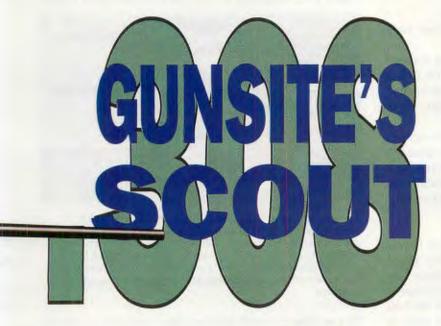
None of these military carbines were fitted with optical sights. This brings us to another important and unusual attribute of the Gunsite Scout Rifle. It is equipped with a barrel-mounted scope with an eye relief of about nine inches.

During World War II Germany fielded some K98k rifles with the long-eye-relief ZF41 1.5X scope, which mounted on a side rail machined into the rear sight base of specially prepared rifles. It was not popular with the troops and

From heavy brush to high plains, there is no better medium-game rifle than the Scout, many were simply discarded on the battlefield.

Nevertheless, Cooper argued the case for a low-powered, long-eye-relief scope with great conviction. He was convinced that it permitted the shooter to see both the entire area in front of him as well as the cross hairs printed on the target — as long as the scope's magnification remained under "three" power to prevent a great disparity between the view perceived by each of the two eyes.

He also argued that it permitted low mounting. This is important since a peep-aperture "ghost ring" rear emergency sight is another key ingredient in the scout rifle concept. Keeping the scope's line of sight as close as pos-





World's Finest Custom-Made Medium-Game Rifle

Text & Photos by Peter G. Kokalis

sible to that of the iron sights is important because it permits the buttstock's comb to provide a proper cheek-weld with either sight.

This location for the scope also permits stripper clip loading, if desired, and more important, facilitates single-loading while the eyes remain on the muzzle and target, with the firearm in the outdoor ready position.

Other salient features of the scout rifle concept include a three-point sling such as the CW or Ching (an improved version of the CW), a short and thin-walled barrel, a synthetic stock and sometimes an integral retractable bipod and butt magazine.

To date, all scout rifles have been built on turn-bolt, short actions, and most have been chambered for the .308 Winchester cartridge. Some "pseudo" scouts have been chambered for the .30-06 round using standard-length actions like the pre-64 Winchester Model 70. Other cartridges presumably compatible with the scout rifle concept include the 7mm-'08, .350 Remington Magnum, .35 Whelan and the 6.5mm Remington Magnum.

The first 10 Gunsite Scout Rifles were built within a sixyear period, with all work done at Gunsite. Scout I was built on the now obsolete, but highly sought after, Remington Model 600 action. Scout II was built on a Sako action. Scout III was fabricated using a Ruger 77 Ultralight rifle with the quarter rib from a Ruger No. 1 single-shot. Scouts IV through VIII employed Czech Brno ZKK short actions and were all too heavy. Scout X was built with a Winchester Model 70 short action of current manufacture.

Finnish Action

In August of 1993 I enrolled as a student in Gunsite No. 270, the General Rifle Course (see "Gunsite Gauntlet" SOF Jan.'94). I purchased, for this purpose, a Gunsite Scout Rifle as currently produced at the Gunsite custom shop located on the ranch.

At this time Gunsite Scout Rifles incorporate the superb Sako L-579 medium-length action, which will accommodate the .243 Winchester, 7mm-'08, .308 Winchester and .358 Winchester cartridges. It is manufactured by Oy Sako AB, Riihimaki, Finland.

Introduced in 1960, the compact and lightweight L-579 has no peer and is synonymous with the highest possible quality. It derived from the L-46 action which was first imported to the United States in 1949. The L-46 action, which has been described as a miniature '98 Mauser, has a number of distinguishing features.

Machined with high precision, the one-piece bolt has dual-opposed locking lugs at the front end. These lugs butt against shoulders inside the receiver ring. The bottom lug is solid, and the top lug is slotted to permit passage of the ejector. The recessed bolt face encloses the entire rim of the cartridge case except for a slot cut into the recess to accept the extractor claw.

The bolt handle is integral with the bolt body with its base, forming a collar around the rear end of the bolt. This collar provides a wide surface for the cocking cam notch, forms a cam to match the rear slope of the bridge and supply power for primary extraction, and seals off the left locking lug raceway.

A guide-rib, as wide and thick as the bottom locking lug, is held to the bolt body by a spring-steel collar. It prevents the bottom locking lug from hanging up on the receiver when the bolt is operated and inhibits the bolt from binding during manipulation if excessive pressure is applied to the bolt handle. When the bolt is rotated into battery, this rib also seals the bottom lug's raceway opening.

There are two gas-escape vent holes. One is on the left side of the receiver ring where the head of the bolt meets



The lightweight and compact Gunsite Scout Rifle especially shines in offhand snap shooting.

the end of the barrel. The other is located on the bolt body in front of the firing pin's shoulder.

The spring-loaded firing pin is flattened at the rear end to match a hole in the bolt sleeve. This prevents the striker from rotating. The cocking piece is attached to the rear end of the striker on a single interrupted lug. The system cocks upon opening the bolt.

The spring-loaded, one-piece ejector/bolt stop is retained by and pivots on a pin in the bolt stop housing (attached to the left side of the receiver at its rear end). Depressing a serrated button on the bolt stop, which projects outside the housing, permits the bolt to be withdrawn from the receiver.

Cock the Trigger

The L-579 action is fitted with the Sako No.4 trigger mechanism with a built-in sliding side-tang safety and is noted for the crisp release of its serrated steel trigger. The safety cannot be engaged unless the trigger mechanism is cocked. Slide the serrated button to the rear of the bolt handle to lock both the sear and striker. When the safety is

engaged, the bolt cannot be lifted.

Push it forward to

fire the rifle. Un-

less otherwise

specified, Gunsite

Scout Rifle trigger

pull weights are adjusted to 2.5

guard and hinged

magazine floor-

plate are steel in-

vestment castings.

The non-detach-

trigger

pounds.

The



Burris 2.75X fixed power, long-eye-relief scope with standard duplex reticle pattern is attached to the Gunsite Scout Rifle by integral barrel scope mounts and Warne in-line rings.

able, staggered-column four-round magazine is a thin sheetmetal stamping. This is reinforced at the Gunsite custom shop on both the front and rear ends with one-eighth-inch steel stock.

Gunsite Scout Rifles have an emergency rear sight, silver-soldered and screwed to the receiver bridge. It consists of a fully machined "ghost ring" peep aperture that is adjustable for both windage and elevation zero. The low-profile, snag-free, serrated front sight blade is silver-soldered to the front scope mount. It remains protected and hidden by the scope itself. The sight radius is 12 inches. A large-aperture ghost ring provides a shadow-like effect

around the front sight blade, with extremely fast sight alignment at close ranges, without compromising the requirement for precision sighting at longer ranges.

The barrel on my personal caliber .308 Winchester Gunsite Scout Rifle is made of chrome-moly steel and cutrifled with six grooves and a right-hand twist of one turn in 12 inches, which is standard for this cartridge. It started out with a length of 20 inches. Attempting to zero this rifle before the Gunsite No. 270 General Rifle Course resulted in a great deal of frustration because the group dispersion continued to increase with every group fired, no matter who was behind the wheel.

Richard Jee, CEO and president of Gunsite Training Center Inc., suggested we cut back on the barrel length.



An assemblage of early Scout Rifles, including (top to bottom): Scout VI, built on a Czech ZKK 601 short action in .308 Winchester; Scout X, built with a Winchester Model 70 short action of current manufacture and chambered for the .308 Winchester round; and Super Scout I with a Remington 660 action chambered for the .350 Remington Magnum cartridge.

This was done immediately and after recrowning, the rifle started shooting consistent 0.5 MOA groups with Federal 308M ammunition (which uses the superb Sierra Matchking 168-grain BTHP bullet). Few custom sniper or match rifles will shoot this well, and almost all have significantly longer tubes. Apparently, changing the barrel length altered the barrel's harmonics in a positive manner. This also reduced the rifle's overall length to 38.25 inches, well under the magic one-meter maximum. No, this rifle is not for sale.

The scope mounts on all Gunsite Scout Rifles are now machined from stock at the Gunsite custom shop and are an integral part of the barrel. This provides the maxi-

mum possible rigidity for the optical sight and insures that zero will be maintained under the most adverse field conditions.

A Burris 2.75X fixed power scope is mounted on Gunsite Scout Rifles, principally because, at this time, no other optical sight is available with the nine Gunsite custom-shop gunsmith filefinishing the integral barrel scope mounts on the barreled action of a soon-to-be Scout. Photo: courtesy Chris Mayer



GUN	ISITE SCOUT RIFLE SPECIFICATION	DNS
	308 Winchester (7.62x51mm NATO). Bolt-action. Modified Finnish Sako L-579 sliding side-tang safety. Cocks upon openin	
Weight, empty with scope		
and sling:	7 pounds.	
Length,	• 11.	
overall:		
	Chrome-moly steel with a cut-rifled six-groo right-hand twist of one turn in 12 inches.	ove bore and
Feed	. 20 inches or less.	
	Non-detachable, staggered-column, four-rou with hinged floorplate.	nd magazine
Sights:	Burris 2.75X fixed power long-eye-relief	
Stock:	scope with duplex reticle pattern. Interfaced to integral barrel mounts with Warne in-line, dovetailed low rings. Emergency iron sights: "ghost ring" peep aperture rear sight adjustable for both windage and elevation zero; low-profile, snag-free, serrated front sight blade is silver-soldered to the front scope mount. Brown Precision Fiberglas stock. Action fully bedded, top and bottom, with epoxy and reinforced by granular steel. Barrel is bedded up to its shoulder and wide- channel free-floated for the remainder of the stock's length. Black or gray industrial epoxy paint finish. Optional woodland or grassland/desert camou-flage patterns available. Pachmayr Decel-erator buttpad is optional. Black oxide on all exterior metal surfaces.	
	\$1,995, complete with Burris scope and Galco Ching sling. Unconditional lifetime warranty.	
	Gunsite Training Center Inc., Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 700, Paulden, AZ 86334; phone: 602-636-4565, fax: 602-636-1236.	
T&E		La contra
summary:	Finest medium-game rifle available. Glass-smooth action. Superb accuracy out to 400 yards. Long-eye-relief scope provides both fast target acquisition and visual command of the tactical frontal area. Lightweight and compact. Highly recommended.	

to 10 inches of eye relief required. Long-eye-relief pistol scopes have too much magnification and eye relief of 14 inches and more.

The Burris Scout scope has a standard duplex reticle pattern (thin cross hairs in the center stepped to thick bars on the four corners). This will more than do for most applications. In fact, if the rifle is zeroed for 200 yards, when engaging targets at 400 yards the shooter needs only to place the top of the wide bottom vertical bar on the target. The scope comes equipped with lens caps; however, I prefer the excellent Butler Creek type. Warne in-line, dovetailed low rings are used to interface the Burris scope with the integral barrel mounts.

All of this is fitted into a Brown Precision Fiberglas stock, which features foam filling in the butt end only. The action is fully bedded, top and bottom, with epoxy and reinforced with granular steel. The barrel is bedded up to



Emergency rear sight consists of a fully machined "ghost ring" peep aperture that is adjustable for both windage and elevation zero.

its shoulder and widechannel free-floated for the remainder of the stock's length. Standard finishes - using an industrial epoxy paint for the Gunsite Scout Rifle stock are either gray or black. Optional finishes at additional cost include woodland camouflage or grassland/ desert camouflage. All have a rough, pebblegrain texture that provides a firm, non-slip surface.

An important option that I requested was the excellent one-inch Pachmayr Decelerator pad, which was rounded to provide a snag-free shoulder mount. It makes a noticeable difference in perceived recoil, especially when fired 500 to 600 rounds over the course of a week, as we did in the Gunsite No. 270. With this pad installed, the length of pull was the 13.5 inches that I had specified.

The three (required for either a CW or Ching

sling) Pachmayr quick-detachable sling swivels are flush mounted. The Ching sling, designed by Eric Ching, an instructor at Gunsite, is a decided improvement over the CW sling since it does not require the rear end of the sling to be unhooked from the rear swivel and reattached to the middle swivel when changing from a carrying to shooting mode. It is available in either nylon or leather and is manufactured by both Galco (Dept. SOF, 2019 W. Quail Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85027; phone: 602-258-8295, fax: 602-582-6854) and Bruce Nelson Combat Leather (Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 8691 CRB, Tucson, AZ 85738; phone: 602-

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825-9047).

Gunsite Scout Rifle,

complete with Burris 2.75X

scope and Ching sling.

As far as Third Mate Burton Coombes was concerned, 12 May 1975 looked like another uneventful day on the container ship SS *Mayaguez*. He stood the 1200-1600 watch that Monday as the ship neared Poulo Wai Island, some 60 miles southwest of the Cambodian port of Kompong Som.

The World War II-era merchant vessel was traversing the Gulf of Thailand, four days out of Hong Kong with a load of varied commercial cargo en route to Sattahip, Thailand. At 1418 Coombes stepped out on the bridge's starboard wing. It was time to take another bearing.

"I spotted a flash of light coming around the island," Coombes said. "It was moving too fast for a fishing boat, so I grabbed my binoculars - I could tell it was a gunboat. She had a large red flag on her wheelhouse and was heading straight for us. I picked up the phone and called the captain."

Captain Charles Miller detested paperwork and particularly hated being disturbed while doing it. But the 62-yearold skipper knew his third mate wouldn't call unless it was important, so he answered the cabin phone immediately. "There's a gunboat closing with us at high speed," Coombes relayed.

Halting his work, Miller headed for the bridge, briefly stopping at a navigation table to check his ship's position. The *Mayaguez* was clear of any territorial waters. Binoculars in hand, the captain reached the bridge to spot the oncoming vessel. "She was making at least 20 knots," Miller recalled. "She had a machine gun on her wheelhouse and it was manned." Just then tracer fire began whipping across the bow.

"Maneuvering speed! Give me maneuvering speed!" Miller shouted. Coombes was already on the engine room telephone relaying the command.

When the gunboat first opened fire, Miller had considered ignoring it. Most of his 40-man crew were below deck and

a machine gun couldn't do much against a C-2 vessel as heavy as the *Mayaguez*. But then he recognized rocket launchers on the attacker's deck -adifferent story.

As if to punctuate the discovery, a rocket whizzed over the bow, grazing her containers, and exploding nearby in the water; Miller instantly moved to save his crew. Entering the wheelhouse, he ordered the engines brought to idle - a missile fired over the bow meant stop or be sunk.

Now the attackers began omi-



Above: Marine boarding party recaptures U.S. merchant ship SS Mayaguez seized by Cambodians three days earlier. By this time the pirates were gone and the ship's crew taken to parts unknown.

Top: Despite spotting heavily armed Cambodians on Mayaguez deck just minutes before Air Force tear-gas drop, assault party found the ship deserted.





nously circling the ship as a second gunboat appeared and advanced. Miller identified them as Cambodian naval vessels of U.S. manufacture (just weeks earlier, Cambodia had fallen to the communist Khmer Rouge). A boarding party of eight men armed with AK-47 rifles stood on the first boat's deck. As it came alongside the *Mayaguez*, the group raced up an exterior ladder onto her deck.

As one Cambodian walked point onto the bridge, the captain noted his AK and U.S. Army PRC-77 radio. Other men followed to fan out across the bridge with weapons leveled. Then four of them moved into the wheelhouse where Miller stood.

For a moment everyone stared at each other. Then Miller inquired just what the hell the intruders were doing on his ship. "I also asked if anyone spoke English," he said. "No one answered, so I asked if anyone spoke French, but I got the same response."

One Cambodian pointed at the wheelhouse chart table, locating Poulo Wai. Picking up a pencil, he drew a small anchor behind the island's inner atoll and asked Miller in perfect English if the chart indicated depth in fathoms or meters. "I told him it was in meters," the captain recalled. "It was really in fathoms, but I wanted him to think it was in meters. That would give us an excuse to anchor farther offshore."

One of the gunboats pulled ahead of the *Mayaguez*. The Cambodian

MARINES K.O. Khmer Pirates American Quick Reaction Force Saves SS Mayaguez

by Richard Harris Photos courtesy DoD



spokesman ordered Miller to follow it toward Poulo Wai. As the huge ship slowly got underway, the Cambodians herded her crew on deck. But Third Mate David English slipped away.

"I went to the bridge and saw the captain talking to a Cambodian," recalled English, a burly Marine Corps vet who served in Vietnam. "I saw a soldier with a radio. That made me wonder if our radioman had gotten off a distress signal. No one saw me, so I backed off the bridge and went to the radio shack."

He found the *Mayaguez* radioman sitting before a microphone and shaking with fear. "I asked if he had sent an SOS and he told me he had," English said. He checked the log to make sure — the page was blank. Shoving the other man aside, English grabbed the microphone, shouting, "Mayday! Mayday!" — an Australian ship heard his distress signal and responded in less than a minute.

English informed the Australian radioman of their being boarded by armed Cambodians and forced to an unknown port. Moments later the third mate heard the Aussie rebroadcast his SOS, giving the ship's correct position. "I didn't want him to sign off," he recalled. "I was so afraid he was going to be the last English voice I was going to hear for a long time. I put my head down and prayed someone heard him."

Lucky for the crew, the signal was picked up by John Neal of Delta Exploration Co. in Jakarta, Indonesia, who called the U.S. Embassy. Over several hours, English's desperate alarm was repeatedly relayed to Washington, D.C., where it traveled the bureaucratic maze of the U.S. State Department before ending up in the White House Situation Room.

As the *Mayaguez* takeover dragged into late afternoon, it was early morning of 12 May in Washington. The job of reconning the merchant ship was given to the Philippine Air Patrol Group at Cubi Point Naval Air Station, part of the massive Subic Bay complex on the South China Sea. There several P-3 Orion antisubmarine reconnaissance planes took off for the Gulf of Thailand.

Lieutenant Colonel Randall Austin, the Marine commander of Battalion Landing Team, 2nd Battalion, 9th Marines was ordered to ready troops for a rescue mission. Stationed at Camp Shaw on Okinawa, BLT 2/9 were the closest suitable U.S. troops for responding to the crisis.

Reconning Pirates

Night fell on the first day: Just before 2230, radar on a P-3 flying near Poulo Wai detected three motionless vessels — two smaller boats and one large ship. The recon plane's 12-man aircrew watched orange tracers fire in their direction from the smaller vessels — .50-caliber antiaircraft rounds arcing and falling to earth as the P-3 flew above range.

The aircrew dropped parachute illumination flares revealing the large ship's black hull, white superstructure and steel cargo containers on deck. There could be no mistake: She was the *Mayaguez*, anchored and guarded by two Cambodian gunboats.

Around 0900 the next day, the English-speaking Cambodian told Miller all three vessels would head northeast for Kompong Som. Slowly the cargo ship pushed off toward the mainland, only to be swiftly redirected.

"We had been underway about 15 minutes when the [Cambodian] soldiers on the bridge started squawking and huddling around their guy with



Aerial view of destroyer USS Harold Holt alongside Mayaguez during recapture op. After securing deserted merchant ship, Holt raced to assist embattled Marines on Koh Tang.



the radio," Miller said. "The Englishspeaking officer ran over and told me they were taking us to Koh Tang Island [some 35 miles southwest of Cambodia]. This was the best news I had received since we were captured. I was afraid once they got us on the mainland, no one would ever be able to find us."

The ship dropped anchor about one mile north of Koh Tang. Soon its crew got another morale booster. Without warning, six U.S. Air Force F-4 Phantom fighters swooped down, dropping bombs around the three vessels. Huge plumes of water shot up off the *Mayaguez* bow and stern. "The Cambodians started running around like a bunch of chickens with their heads cut off," Coombes recalled.

A fishing boat approached and pulled alongside the *Mayaguez*. The Americans were transferred onto it as darkness fell. Taken ashore to Koh Tang Island, the crew still faced an unknown fate. But just an hour later, the English-speaking Cambodian told Miller his crew would return to their ship the next morning. Now the captives were moved offshore to a larger fishing boat for the night. Just weeks after Cambodia fell to the communists, Khmer Rouge pirates chose to test America's resolve. They lost this gamble.

Cambodian guards started kicking the men awake just before 0800 on Wednesday, 14 May, as the fishing boat weighed anchor and headed out to sea. A whole new set of guards were on board, none speaking English. Miller could only hope they were returning to their ship.

The morning calm was shattered by six F-4s zooming overhead. The fighters split up with one pair banking over the horizon. An uneasy silence settled on the waters — then came a muffled explosion and a puff of black smoke appeared in the distance. This could only mean a gunboat had been sunk by an F-4.

Someone shouted: "Here they come!" – A pair of F-4s roared by on the fishing boat's port side. Two huge columns of water erupted near the bow. The planes swung around to make another pass, bearing down to attack the boat's stern. "They came over at about 50 feet. I saw little cartridges drop from their wings but couldn't figure out what in the hell they were," English said.

Inches above the water, the cartridges burst. A suffocating white cloud engulfed the fishing boat. It was CS gas; all aboard fought for breath.

Many fishing craft were on the gulf that morning, and the stunned captors moved to lose themselves among the other boats. Yet the F-4 and P-3 crews all reported seeing their target return to Koh Tang - a mistake. The prisoners were now headed for Kompong Som, a threatening destination.

Dodging A Lynch Mob

Miller was worried; a gunboat had been sunk, Cambodians were dead and an angry mob waited at the Kompong Som dock where the fishing boat eventually tied up. This threat faded, however, as 12 more Cambodian guards shoved their way through the crowd to jump aboard. Just as quickly, the boat once more weighed anchor to head westward from the harbor. Thirty minutes later it slipped into a small cove nestled in thick jungle on the island of Koh Rong Sam Lem, some 15 miles into the gulf.

The Mayaguez crewmen were led off the boat and down a bamboo walkway into a large building, where the English-speaking Cambodian officer reappeared. He directed Miller into a big room with a dirt floor, ordering the captain to sit at a table before an interrogation team. "I was shaking in my shoes," Miller said. "All I could think about was them shooting my crew, one man at a time, every time I gave them an answer they didn't like."

The grilling lasted an hour, with the questions ever more ridiculous as it proceeded. Air strikes frightened the Cambodians, so they asked Miller if he could radio the U.S. planes from his ship. "I told him we could, but first we had to get the plant going again," the captain said. "They wanted to know how many men I would need. I told them at least nine."

After a brief radio conference with superiors, the Cambodian spokesman responded that all could go in the morning. Miller was pleasantly surprised, but still confused: "I didn't know if he meant the whole crew or if I could only take nine men."

Continued on page 75

WACO

Dr. Alan A. Stone may never again be asked to serve as a consultant for the U.S. Department of Justice (DOJ). But as more facts trickle out about FBI conduct during the 51-day standoff near Waco, Texas, such a rejection might be to Stone's eminent credit. Stone, one of 10 unpaid experts empaneled to weigh the wisdom of DOJ's decisions in the case, quickly hit a stone wall: the neveradmit-mistakes mindset of most federal bureaucrats.

When the DOJ's panel of experts met for the first time with 10 FBI officials in early July 1993, "we asked them to tell us what they thought they'd done wrong," Stone told *Soldier Of Fortune.* "They went around the table, one by one, and said they didn't think they'd done *anything* wrong."

Stone eventually disagreed. He decided not to submit his evaluation until he read the official reports on Waco prepared by the DOJ and the Department of the Treasury. He conducted telephone interviews with FBI agents and DOJ officials involved, including Special Agent-in-Charge (SAC) Jeffrey Jamar, the FBI's overall site commander in Waco who, as Stone noted, "impressed me as such a decent man."

Although Stone does not accuse the feds of *intentional* wrongdoing at the Branch Davidian complex, his ultimate conclusions prompted an unusually testy two-page denial from the FBI, which declared Stone's independent investigation "went awry." Stone is the first of the government's own experts to say unequivocally that the feds deserve some blame for the fire at Mount Carmel that killed at least 75 people – one-third of them children – on 19 April 1993.

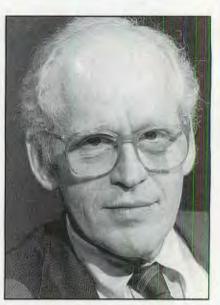
His findings are particularly authoritative. Stone, a lawyer, physician and psychiatrist, is a nationally recognized expert on violence. He sits on the faculties of both the

"Arsenal of assorted assault weapons and parts" is cited in photo caption for this "arms bunker" photo from Treasury report — apt shelter from encircling fire. Forensic dentist Dr. Rodney Crow says children were killed here from falling concrete, not execution.



medical and law schools at Harvard University. It was Stone's colleague at Harvard's law school, Deputy Attorney General Philip B. Heymann, who assembled the DOJ's investi gatory panel.

Neither the DOJ evaluation of the Waco disaster, headed by Edward Dennis Jr. (a Heymann protege and former deputy attorney general), nor Dennis' personal report "provided a clear and probing account of the FBI tactics during the standoff, and their possible relationship to the



Dr. Alan Stone, of Harvard's medical and law school faculties, was first of government-empaneled experts to conclude the feds deserve some blame for the Waco standoff's fiery end. His judgment prompted FBI denial claiming Stone's independent study "went awry." Photo: courtesy A. Stone

tragic outcome at Waco," Stone wrote. "The FBI ... embarked on a misguided and punishing law enforcement strategy that contributed to the tragic ending ...

"No clear picture has emerged," Stone concluded, "of how and on what basis [Attorney General Janet Reno] made her decision" to allow FBI agents to use tanks to smash holes in the complex and spray CS, a debilitating and sometimes fatal chemical warfare agent, inside it. Reno's decision ultimately allowed FBI tank drivers to begin violently dismantling the building in a brash attempt to flush out the Branch Davidians.

"It is difficult to understand why a person whose primary concern was the safety of the children would agree to the FBI's plan," Stone wrote, noting Reno "was ill-advised and made an ill-advised decision. None of these matters have been clarified."

"I am quite convinced by the evidence provided that [Branch Davidian leader] David Koresh told some of his inner circle to set the place on fire," Stone told SOF. "There is some quite convincing evidence of this, but I'm not at liberty to discuss it."

But his report concludes that Koresh's suicide decision was prompted, at least in part, by rash, flawed decisions of the FBI.

62 SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

R MERCY KILLINGS?

"The sequence of decision-making ... indicates that the FBI ... made it difficult for [Reno] to make any other choice," Stone observed in his report. Reno "was not properly informed of the risks to infants and small children posed by CS gas ...

"If this had been a military operation, the Waco conclusion would have been a victory," Stone wrote. "The enemy was destroyed without a single loss of life for the FBI. This situation, however, was not a military operation. The question is: Did a 'military' mentality overtake the FBI?"

Apparently so.

After he and other experts questioned the FBI's assault with tanks and the CS chemical agent, Stone noted that the FBI "misled" panel members. Officials withheld from them information written early in the standoff by the FBI's behavioral scientists, who proposed a reduction in the heavy show of tactical force in favor of further conciliatory negotiation. The behavioral experts warned that intense pressure might lend credence to Koresh's apocalyptic prophecies and thus strengthen his leadership — which could increase the risk of a mass suicide.

When the FBI initially took over the crisis, the overall strategy was based on two basic priorities: (1) insure safety of the children, and (2) negotiate the peaceful surrender of Koresh and the Branch Davidians.

In a 5 March 1993 memo, FBI agents Peter Smerick and Mark Young emphasized that any good-cop/bad-cop strategy that coupled negotiations with increasing tactical pressure was inapplicable, that " ... this strategy, if carried to excess, could eventually be counterproductive and could result in the loss of life."

Smerick and Young also recommended that, "Since these people fear law enforcement, offer them the opportunity of surrendering to a neutral party of their choosing accompanied by appropriate law enforcement personnel."

Instead of having this information available initially, DOJ's investigative panel was provided with a rewritten evaluation that tagged Koresh as an ordinary criminal who was a "con man" and whose followers were "dupes." The information first provided to Stone and other panelists implied a shortcoming by the FBI's behavioral scientists, suggesting that a lack of knowledge about such "unconventional" groups as Koresh's cult — an unorthodox offshoot of Seventh-day Adventism — needs to be remedied. (Indeed, all of the DOJ's suggestions for improvement are linked to budget increases.)

Instead, Stone found an "excellent in-house behavioral science capacity ... The FBI's behavioral science experts who were actually on the scene ... had an excellent understanding of Koresh's psychology and appreciated the group's intense religious convictions."

Feds' Ineptitude At Ranch Apocalypse Cited By Experts

by James L. Pate

Stone eventually learned how Jamar and Richard M. Rogers, then-commander of the FBI's Hostage Rescue Team (HRT), rejected the profile originally submitted by the FBI's behavioral scientists and advised that the proposal should be resubmitted in favor of steadily increasing tactical pressure. (Rogers, who oversaw the Waco and Randy Weaver standoffs — both unqualified disasters resulting in the deaths



Branch Davidian survivor Sheila Martin peers through quarantine fence at an infant's shoe amid wreaths and flowers dedicated to those killed at Mount Carmel. Her husband and four children died here. Photo: James L. Pate

duced so little in this regard."

When Reno, Heymann, Dennis and other officials unveiled the DOJ's findings on the Waco standoff at an 8 October press conference, statements made and information released implied that some of the Branch Davidian children were savagely stabbed and bludgeoned to death by their parents. (Some children, in fact, died of gunshot wounds.)

Dr. Rodney Crow, a forensic dentist with the Tarrant County Medical Examiner's Office in Fort Worth, headed a team of 50 dentists who helped identify the Branch

of innocent women and children – was quietly replaced by FBI agent Roger A. Nisley in November.)

"One might think that the highest priority after a tragedy like Waco would be for everyone involved to consider what went wrong and what they would now do differently," Stone wrote. "I must confess that it has been a frustrating and disappointing experience to discover that the Justice Department's investigation has pro-



Treasury report photo of hand grenade casings recovered from ruins of Mount Carmel. Initial botched ATF raid stemmed from bureau's effort to arrest Koresh for allegedly manufacturing grenades and converting semiauto rifles into machine guns.

Davidians' remains. Crow entered Mount Carmel's ruins when the fire was still smoking, noting how "you could shuffle your feet around [and] ... reignite flames."

Some of the key findings from Crow's team — findings which indicate many, if not most, of the Branch Davidians caught in the fire did not want to die and, in fact, tried to survive — were not included in the DOJ's report.

In a 9 November interview taped in Waco for *The Maury Povich Show*, Crow said his findings had been "twisted."

For instance, DOJ neglected to mention in its report that forensic evidence recovered by Crow and other experts indicates 32 men, women and children who crowded into one small area "had blankets over their heads," suggesting they were trying to survive the fire.

Crow also suggested that the gunshot fatalities among the children might better be characterized as resulting from a mercy instinct rather than suicide: "If I was on fire, if my child was on fire, if the heat was so unbearable - I'd shoot

my child. I would hope to have the strength to shoot myself."

Crow stressed that DOJ and other agencies he dealt with in his investigation granted "full independence ... [and did] not muzzle us in any way." But he noted how the final dissemination of information left something to be desired.

"I don't know how it came across in everyone else's newspapers, but in our local Fort



Attorney General Janet Reno facing media upon release of Treasury Department's Waco report. Her actual reason for approving the FBI's violent armorchemical assault on Mount Carmel remains unclear. Photo: James L. Pate

Worth paper, on the front page, it said, 'Cultist Children Executed.' It said facts released by the medical examiner's office show that many of the children ... were shot, stabbed and beaten to death."

Crow added that this news account "went on to say later on, 'It is apparent that the parents turned on their children in favor of David Koresh's teachings' ... Our [findings have] been twisted ... Nowhere did we say execution ... What they referred to as 'beaten to death' was blunt-force trauma. Three children had blunt-force trauma. But it was from falling concrete in the bunker that fell on them ... "

The "bunker" that Crow referred to was a concrete structure in the middle of the Branch Davidian complex. Used for walk-in, refrigerated food storage adjacent to the kitchen/ cafeteria, it also served as a foundation anchor for the fourstory tower that overlooked the surrounding area. Part of the concrete structure's interior had been converted by Koresh to store scores of rifles and tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition, prompting the FBI to label it "the bunker."

Even DOJ's own report — widely labeled as a whitewash — confirms that the FBI never had but one planned alternative to negotiation: Smash the place with tanks and pump in a chemical warfare agent. This "emergency assault plan" was decided on "during the first week of the standoff," the report states. "It was generally agreed [that the plan would be used only] ... if an emergency response was warranted ... "

The forced-eviction plan approved by Reno stipulated that the FBI would only spray CS into specific areas of the building, gradually making more and more floor space uninhabitable, at least in theory. But 19 April's gale-force winds dissipated the CS effects, while most or all the persons inside had gas masks; also, the large holes battered open by tanks may have actually helped ventilate the structure.

"... The entire gassing operation may be viewed as a failure," arson investigators concluded in their report.

"Gas, Gas and Gas"

Among the provisos in the Reno-approved version of the original assault plan: If cult members fired at the tanks, HRT commander Rogers could then order the tanks to spray CS throughout the structure. The operation was planned for a 48-hour period — possibly longer.

When Reno called President Clinton on Sunday, 18 April, to advise him she had approved the FBI's assault plan for the next day, "she emphasized that the operation was intended to proceed incrementally, and that it might take two or three days before the Branch Davidians surrendered," the DOJ report states.

By the time this final solution was presented to Reno, "the FBI had abandoned any serious effort to reach a negotiated solution and was well along in its strategy of all-out tactical pressure, thereby leaving little choice," Stone reported. "It is unclear ... whether [Reno] was told that FBI negotiators believed they could get more people out of the compound by negotiation. By the time [Reno] made her decision, the noose was closed and, as one agent told me, the FBI believed they had 'three options — gas, gas and gas.' "

Under Rogers' order, the first holes were knocked in Mount Carmel's wall and gas injected around 0600 hours by two Combat Engineering Vehicles (CEVs), basically M60 tanks reconfigured with CS sprayers and battering rams. Designated CEV-1 and CEV-2, one was rigged for first-floor demolition, the other for second-floor ramming.

Within four minutes, agents on the inside perimeter radioed that the CEVs were drawing gunfire. "When the Davidians started shooting, the scope and pace of the operation changed ... " the DOJ report acknowledges. By 0631, "the HRT reported that the entire building had been gassed."

By 0709, "the HRT reported that the Ferret rounds [tubelaunched CS projectiles fired from Bradley fighting vehicles] had been delivered through all the windows ... where movements or gunfire were detected," according to the DOJ report. HRT members were using the CS supply so quickly that the FBI's command center in Washington, D.C., sent out a bulletin at 0745, "canvass[ing] all FBI field offices to locate more Ferret rounds."

By 0920, the FBI's Houston field office had delivered an additional 48 Ferret rounds to the scene. By 0930, CEV-2 threw a track after an FBI driver got it stuck in mud. At 1000, Reno left her command post in Washington for a

It was

standing

room only in

the bunker ...

wet blankets

everyone ... held

over their heads ...

scheduled luncheon appearance in Baltimore. Her departure could not have come at a worse time.

It was about this time, as Dennis noted near the end of his personal assessment, that "an apparent deviation from the approved plan began" and violence against the building by the armored vehicles escalated dramatically. And this is where the frustrations of FBI agents at the scene may have become manifest.

The FBI knew it was stuck in the middle of a monumental screw-up that had been created by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF). The gassing plan obviously was not working. CEV-2 was

out of commission. The HRT, which trains for rapid, dynamic intervention, was locked into a mind-numbing, prolonged siege. The cost of the standoff was spiraling upward, while daily TV reports had the same impact as media coverage of the Iran hostage crisis, creating enormous pressure on the FBI to take action.

CEV-2's crew was ordered by Rogers to redeploy in a backup vehicle, which did not have a CS sprayer but could smash more holes in the building. "It was ordered to breach the rear side of the building [out of the news media's view] to create escape openings near the gymnasium area," the DOJ report confirms. At 1130, "CEV-2 breached the back side of the compound ... concentrating on the right corner of the building, near the warehouse/gymnasium.

"... At 11:45 a.m., a wall on the right rear side of the building collapsed as a result of substitute CEV-2's breaching activity."

Ordered to clear a path to the bunker, where the FBI believed people had congregated, the substitute tank plunged into the gymnasium, bulldozing its way through the two-story-high structure the roof and walls caved in. A fire immediately started in one corner of the rubble, as the FBI's airborne infrared video record indicates (see "Waco Whitewash Continues," SOF Feb. '94). Some people apparently were trapped and others possibly were killed by

falling debris, government evidence indicates.

After viewing a video analysis prepared by the California Organization for Public Safety, Stone told SOF "the video suggests to me — plus what other people have told me — that the tanks destroyed the gym area, where there might have been people who got crushed to death. It may be that the FBI, with the clumsiness with which they carried out this portion of the breaching operation, may have accidentally ignited a fire. I know the tanks caused a lot more damage than I had realized."

Yet what happened up to this point on 19 April is described in the DOJ report as "measured steps ... While it was conceivable that tanks and other armored vehicles could be used to demolish the compound, the FBI considered that such a plan would risk harming the children inside. The presence of innocent children, and the FBI's concern to minimize the risk of harm to them, influenced all tactical considerations."

With the building literally collapsing around the Branch Davidians' ears, the so-called bunker, the only part of the complex left standing after the fire, probably seemed like

a safe haven. But it became a tomb for 32 men, women and children, including two pregnant females.

> It was standing room only in the bunker, as Crow observed. Evidence indicates everyone ap-

parently held wet blankets over their heads. Some women cradled small children in their arms. As the smoke, toxic gases and heat began to increase, some of those standing began to collapse. Burning timbers from above came crashing through the bunker ceiling, showering those inside with large chunks of jagged concrete.

Still, the bunker must have seemed like a good place to go. In

all, 43 bodies were found in, around and on top of it, according to the government. The wives of Koresh and his lieutenant Steve Schneider died of suffocation inside, apparently covered by falling debris. With them died Audrey Martinez, 13, along with three other girls ranging in ages from 2

to 14, a 7-year-old boy, a 1-year-old too badly burned to determine its sex, and Rosemary Morrison, 29 - all buried alive before any fire reached them.

Two sisters, Jennifer and Katherine Andradé, aged 19 and 24 years respectively, died from inhaling toxic fumes, as did 17 others in the bunker area. Four others nearby died from blunt trauma. Rebecca Saipaia, 24, and a young man were burned to death. Nine in this area died from gunshot wounds, including 9-year-old Abigail Martinez and two unidentified children, a 6-year-old girl and an infant. An unidentified 2-year-old boy, specified in the DOJ report as "Doe 33," reportedly died of a stab wound to the left chest, although Crow questioned whether this might not be a "puncture" wound not necessarily caused by a knife.

In ratcheting up the aggressive tactical strategy, Stone wrote, "the FBI's critical assumption was that David Koresh

Continued on page 84

When the news got out that Wyoming's famous cowboy lawyer, Gerry Spence, had offered to defend white separatist Randy Weaver free of charge, "all hell broke loose," Spence related. His sister, whose husband is black, "wrote me decrying my defense of this 'racist.' There were letters to the editors of several papers that expressed their disappointment that I would lend my services to a person with Weaver's beliefs."

But the response which evoked the most feeling from

stinking deal survives on the commonly held myth that democracy is alive, he writes. The book reads by turns of the page like conservative thought — and then liberal. He expertly gigs organized religion, yet comes across as deeply spiritual and religious. But his arguments are compelling, even when you want to disagree.

The written exchange between Hirschfeld and Spence is a glimpse into issues with which Spence deftly deals, chapter by chapter, with such subjects as "The Tyranny of

Spence came in a personal letter "imploring me to withdraw" from Weaver's case, sent by Alan Hirschfeld, former chairman and CEO of Columbia Pictures Entertainment Inc. and 20th Century Fox, the attorney recalled.

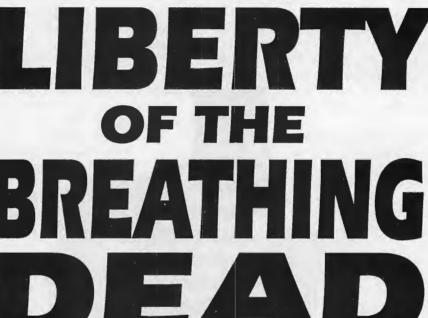
Spence shares these incidents - and most of Hirschfeld's letter - in the opening chapter of his recently published book. From Freedom to Slavery: The Rebirth of Tyranny in America. Spence's involvement in the Weaver case becomes a literary springboard from which he

launches into ruminations on why George Orwell's chilling prophecies from 1984 are here and why most people can't even recognize it.

As one of the nation's most successful criminal trial attorneys – notable clients include Imelda Marcos and the Karen Silkwood family – Spence has written four other books. But none have been as timely as this work – coming on the heels of Weaver's acquittal and the federal government's follow-up disaster outside Waco, Texas. From Freedom to Slavery is a provocative and seminal treatise interpreting the abstract and literal examples of freedom in our society, contrasting with the subtle forms of nonetheless effective tyranny.

Spence confronts the breakdown of

American democracy with bold facts that reveal how our freedoms have been stolen by a corrupt political system dominated by an amoral corporate oligarchy. The whole



Maverick Attorney Sounds Alarm On

Vanishing Freedoms

spectability and credibility your involvement imparts to a cause which I find despicable ... The Aryan Nation, The Brotherhood, and the

Justice, The Tyr-

anny of Free-

dom, The Tyr-

anny of Fear ...

of Work ... of the

Corporate Core

... of Poverty ...

of Maleness ... of

wrote Spence,

asking him to

withdraw from

the case "be-

cause of the re-

Order [none to

which Weaver

belonged] are all

groups dedicated

to only one

premise - ha-

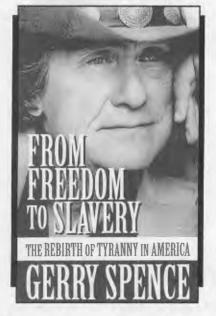
tred of the unlike

by the like ...

Hirschfeld

the Media."

by SOF Staff



They are societal malcontents and misfits who espouse nothing worthwhile ...

"This is not Huey Newton and the Black Panthers fighting 200 years of prejudice and second-class citizenship," Hirschfeld admonished Spence, "nor even the PLO seeking a homeland by terrorist methods. While I abhor terrorism ... I do understand its politics. Not so with the philosophy of the groups Mr. Weaver stands for."

Spence's lengthy reply to Hirschfeld sets the tone for the rest of the book. An excerpt from that response:

"I met Randy Weaver in jail on the evening of his surrender ... He was unshaven and dirty... he was cold ... In the stark setting of the prison conference room he seemed diminutive and fragile.

He had spent 11 days and nights in a standoff against the



LIBERTY

Continued from page 66

government, and he had lost. His wife was dead. His son was dead. His friend was near death ... He had lost his freedom. He had lost it all.

" 'My name is Gerry Spence,' I began. 'I'm the lawyer you've been told about. Before we begin to talk, I want you to understand that I do not share your political and religious beliefs. Many of my dearest friends are Jews. My daughter is married to a Jew ... I deplore what the Nazis stand for. If I defend you, I will not defend your political beliefs or your religious beliefs, but your rights as an American citizen to a fair trial.' His quiet answer was, 'That is all I ask,' " Spence wrote.

Spence then goes on to explain why he wanted to defend Weaver: "We embrace the myth that we are still a democracy when we know that we are not a democracy, that we are not free, that the government does not serve us but subjugates us. Although we give lip service to the notion of freedom,

we know the government is no longer the servant of the people, but, at last, has become the people's master. We have stood by like timid sheep while the wolf killed – first the weak, then the strays, then those on the outer edges of the flock, until at last the entire flock belonged to the wolf. We did not care about the weak or about the strays. They were not a part of the flock. We did not care about those on the outer edges. They had chosen to be there. But as the wolf worked its way toward the center of the flock we discovered that we were now on the outer edges. Now we must look the wolf squarely in the eye. That we did not do so when the first of us was ripped and torn and eaten was the first wrong. It was our wrong."

Be forewarned, though. If you are merely interested in the Randy Weaver case, do not buy this book. It is about much more than that; a searing commentary on our life and times, a battle cry to freedom on the order of Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*. Spence attacks many conventional notions, such as being politically correct:

"In exchange for acceptance by our friends we give up the right to say what we think. Being socially proper is more important than possessing a fresh, uncompromised soul. Being acceptable to our neighbors is often more important than being acceptable to ourselves. For nearly two hundred years slavery thrived in America over the silent protestations of decent citizens enslaved themselves by the tyranny of convention. The price of freedom is often rejection, even banishment."

In another chapter, Spence takes to task "the breathing dead who believe they are alive. Year after year these breathing dead get up at the same time every morning on the same side of bed, trudge to the same kitchen, swallow the same brand of bacon and style of eggs for breakfast, drive the same route to work, and wearily enter the same door of employment where automatically they punch the same time clock and perform, like machines, the same mindless task until the same bell goes off at five o'clock. Then by rote they return home in order to open the same brand of beer, and to watch the news on television that informs them of the same murders and violence, which are balanced against the same insipid sitcoms evoking the same



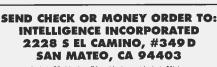
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canned laughter. Ha. Ha.

"The breathing dead emulate machines," Spence writes. "Their work is mechanical. They relate more to the simulated life on television than to their own species. It's safer to love the electronic image, safer to engage a non-being. Moreover, the control of their television sets provides a power they do not possess in life, the power of the thumb that clicks from electronic life to electronic life and the power to extinguish such life at will. The bargain seems fair. By relinquishing their own lives, which can be petty, puny and powerless, they acquire a non-life over which they can exercise complete and final power."

If you only read one book from cover to cover this year, it should be From Freedom to Slavery. 🕱

GUNSITE SCOUT

Continued from page 57

Some explanation of the CW sling system is required. "CW" stands for Carlos Widmann, a Guatemalan who, about a decade ago, showed Jeff Cooper his Steyr SSG rifle on which he had added a third quick-detachable sling swivel to the front end of the magazine floorplate. When the rear end of the sling is attached to the stock at this point, it permits a "hasty" sling support system that exerts positive load on the upper arm in the manner of a high-power competition sling.

Widmann called it "an old British system." I have been able to trace it back to the Model 1879 bolt-action rifle designed by James Paris Lee and adopted by China and the U.S. Navy in caliber 6mm Lee Navy. This rifle was manufactured by Remington in Ilion, New York and was the basis for the British trials rifles. This was the only rear sling mounting point on the early Lee rifles and it was located on the trigger guard just in front of the magazine-well. This feature was retained on the early Lee-Metford rifles. It appears on some variants of the Short Magazine Lee-Enfield (SMLE) as an extension of the front trigger guard screw (for example: the 7.62x51mm L39A1 competition rifle). This sling swivel position also appears on the Canadian Ross rifle. Regardless of its origin, we must all be grateful to Jeff Cooper who reintroduced a really effective sling support system.

A synthetic stock with a retractable, integral bipod has been designed for the Scout Rifle. I cannot recommend it as currently executed, since a student in my Gunsite No. 270 class had one, and with each shot fired, it would jump forward a little more out of its compartment in the stock. While this is only mildly distracting, the bipod itself is not substantial enough, in my opinion.

Complete with scope and sling, my Gunsite Scout Rifle weighs almost exactly seven pounds, empty. This is just a few ounces over the arbitrary ideal scout envelope, but I wouldn't trade it for anything. It has a glass-smooth action that flows like butter when the bolt is manipulated. It's the most accurate caliber .308 rifle of this compact size I have ever fired. It's more accurate than any number of so-called sniper rifles weighing almost twice as much. I have used it with convincing precision out to 400 yards. It's an incredible performer for snap shooting at 25 to 50 yards. Once you have used the Ching sling, no other system will

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suffice. The long-eye-relief scope, when employed with binocular vision, provides the shooter with both incredibly fast target acquisition and total visual command of his tactical frontal area and its peripheries. I have carried more than my share of heavy battle rifles in combat zones and the Gunsite Scout Rifle is a joy to sling and carry over the roughest and steepest terrain. Finally, and of no small consequence to those of us who love fine firearms, it is pleasing to the eye.

From heavy brush to high plains there is no better medium-game rifle than the Scout. Cooper made only one mistake. He extended the Scout Rifle concept into an area where it has no legitimate modern applications — the military. Cooper maintained that a scout was "... a specially trained soldier whose normal duty was to work alone, or with only one or two others." He envisioned the Scout Rifle as a "general purpose rifle" that would be the best sort of firearm for a military scout to carry.

No army of my knowledge, and I have worked with quite a few, sends individuals alone on patrol missions or even clandestine operations anymore. They might have during World War I. I don't know about that, as it is well before my time. Today, patrols - even if they are sent out for intelligence purposes only - consist of at least squadsize units armed with an assortment of weapons from infantry rifles to belt-fed squad automatics and grenade launchers, with possibly a dedicated sniper system included if the mission calls for one. Furthermore, if, God forbid, I should ever again find myself either behind or in front of the enemy's lines by myself, I would want an M16 with an M203 40mm grenade launcher attached to it, not a Scout Rifle. The Gunsite Scout Rifle belongs in the sportsman's battery, where it excels - not on a barracks rifle rack.

Others may say that they make Scout rifles. None compare with the Gunsite Scout Rifle in either quality or price. This is the only custom-made Scout Rifle that sells for under \$2,000, complete with optics and sling. The Gunsite Scout Rifle carries an unconditional lifetime warranty. The delivery schedule is now about six to eight months after an order has been received. \aleph

POGUE WARRIOR

Continued from page 44

as told in *Rogue Warrior* is completely wrong.

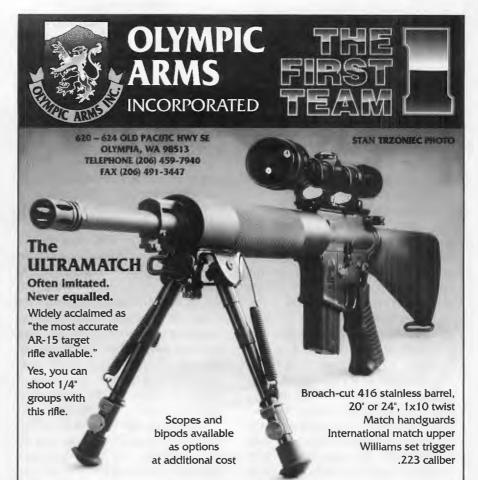
According to the book, as the battle raged, Marcinko led a small team of SEALs to clean out the enemy, house by house. Suddenly the street was raked by machine-gun fire and the SEALs dove for cover. All except Risher, who (according to Marcinko) "took his Stoner and walked out into the middle of the street, screaming and firing. It was Dodge City, Vietnam."

Marcinko claims that a Viet Cong bullet put an end to the one-man charge, then he tried to save Risher. "I was there quick enough to catch him ... I dragged Risher out of the street ... The shot had gone through. His brains were spilling into my hand."

In reality, Marcinko played only a peripheral role. Two SEALs who actually did fight alongside Risher were Francis F. Thornton (Marcinko never mentions Thornton) and Harry Humphries, both first-class petty officers. Thornton had then been incountry for 13 months as an adviser with the South Vietnamese navy's SEAL equivalent, the *Lien Doan Nguoi Nhai* (LDNN, or Sea Commandos). Humphries was the explosives expert in Marcinko's 8th Platoon.

Both SEALs' recollections differ in almost every detail from Marcinko's account. According to Thornton, part of the 8th Platoon, including Risher and Humphries, drove a jeep to the city center to help clean out the Viet Cong's movie-theater command post, but the enemy was firmly entrenched. After taking withering fire from the theater, the SEALs brought up a 57mm recoilless rifle. Firepower alone was not enough, however, as the Viet Cong held the high ground, so the SEALs decided to hoist the weapon onto a nearby rooftop in order to gain the upper hand.

Humphries remembered what ensued with remarkable clarity: "The three of us [Risher, Thornton and Humphries] climbed up the building from behind and looked for the best field of fire. Ted [Risher] went over the balcony first — I went last — the enemy saw me." Within seconds the bullets were flying. One round kicked





up chips of concrete between Humphries' legs. He dove for cover.

Risher was not so lucky. "He stuck his head up a little high and a round got him," Humphries said. "I believe it was an M1 carbine round that, perhaps luckily, found its way to the rooftop position." The rest of the SEALs raced to the rooftop to aid their dying comrade, but it was too late. Risher died as they rushed him out of the combat zone.

Thornton substantiated Humphries' account. "Ted and I were trying to get a recoilless rifle onto the roof," he recalled. Other platoon members supported the effort from the ground. "Risher leaned over to pull on the rope and he was hit in the forehead."

Marcinko's portrayal of Risher's death is more than just false. It is also a disservice to the dead man's memory. To read Marcinko's retelling, it was not an act of war that killed Risher, but an act of stupidity. Marcinko twisted the incident to make it appear that he was, as usual, at the center of the action doing all he could to prevent the tragedy. From Marcinko's perspective, Risher's death was unfair — not because he died, but because he deprived Marcinko of a perfect record.

Where was Marcinko during the battle? At the Tactical Operations Center (TOC), about a mile away. The SEALs had set up shop at the "embassy house," a CIA compound comprising the PRU headquarters as well as intelligence and interrogation centers. Marcinko was there when Risher was killed and he was there when they brought in the body. The closest he came to the battle was in talking to his SEALs by radio.

Ironically, the TOC was exactly where Marcinko should have been. In most cases a platoon leader should be leading his men from the front, but during the disorganized combat in Chau Doc it made more sense for Marcinko to monitor his SEALs from a central point behind friendly lines. And, by all accounts, Marcinko performed well in this role. According to Thornton, "Dick ran the whole show from the TOC."

Humphries also believes Marcinko was better placed in the TOC than on the battlefield: "We had orders from the senior American province adviser to stay in the compound. Marcinko

ignored that and sent us out in the city. If he had obeyed orders, we would not have been able to help defend the city." In addition to attacking the local Viet Cong headquarters, 8th Platoon's SEALs also rescued a handful of U.S. civilians and foreign nationals from certain capture or death, which would not have happened had Marcinko not been running the show from the TOC. Humphries lamented Marcinko's decision to take potshots at other SEALs rather than write about what really happened, but he stood by his former commander. "Dick had the balls to stand up to guys who wanted to run standard ops," he said. "He made people use SEALs as they should be used."

After the Tet Offensive, Marcinko made the most of the experience at Chau Doc by shaping future SEAL operations. His 8th Platoon was broken down into two-man teams and sent out with PRUs, so as to maximize the ability to gather intelligence and strike at the enemy. These teams were quite successful. It is a shame that this sort of operational savvy is left out of Marcinko's memoirs in favor of phony heroics.

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Richard Marcinko went on to bigger and better things after Vietnam, but his attitudes never changed. He made enemies in the name of "unit integrity," pushing his own agenda while pretending to be watching out for his men, becoming even more convinced that his vision of special operations was the only answer. As commander of SEAL Team Six, the Navy's counterterrorism team formed in 1980, Marcinko raised the art of stepping on superiors' toes to new heights. This ultimately resulted in his ostracism from the SpecWar community and a Navy investigation on allegations of corruption and brutality, along with a conviction on criminal charges.

But that's another story.

A contributing writer for the U.S. Navy's official SpecOps history, Dale Andradé is author of Ashes to Ashes, published by Lexington Books. His Trial By Fire, a study of the 1972 Easter Offensive, will be published this year by Hippocrene Books, New York. X

CUCKOO'S NET

Continued from page 47

it to the ATF agent, who "didn't seemed concerned or interested," Condon said. "We made a copy and he put it in a pile with a bunch of other paperwork." Fischer returned to the counter from his workshop and spotted a composite sketch of the CIA shooting suspect that the ATF agent had brought in and laid aside. Fischer picked it up and looked at it more closely.

"The face immediately struck me as familiar," Fischer told SOF. "The more I looked at it, the more familiar it seemed. I knew it was Kansi. I told the agent, 'This looks exactly like the guy whose file we just gave you.' It kind of made me a little miffed that this agent didn't seemed to take it that seriously. He didn't seemed interested acted like he was more involved with what he was sent to be looking for."

"Dave told that ATF agent three or four times that [Kansi] was the guy he was looking for," Britton Condon recalled. "But the agent was quite determined to find a file on Murray. But Dave was persistent that [Kansi] was the guy."

The agent left about noon. David Condon soon arrived. Britton Condon and Fischer related what had happened and how it was "just too much of a coincidence, the same type of gun and the close resemblance between the sketch and Kansi," as Britton Condon recalled. "Dad said he would call Sheriff Bittle."

Bittle told *SOF* that when David Condon called him at the Falls Church City Sheriff's office, "I was kind of shocked. It was the first time in the seven years that I'd known him that he'd ever called me. He was very concerned. He sells guns and he wants to sell them to the proper people. He said the information had been given to the ATF agent and the agent had not seemed interested. He wanted to make sure it got the attention it deserved. He faxed me a copy of the 4473. It sounded like the agent had tunnel vision."

Bittle called Detective Kevin McCormack of the Falls Church Police Department, who immediately forwarded the information to Detective Mike Little of the Fairfax County Police Department, who passed the information on to the feds. Kansi, meanwhile, flew out of National Airport that Tuesday night on a flight to New York City, where he made a connection on a weekly Pakistan International Airlines flight to Karachi, the country's largest city.

Two days later, on Thursday, 28 January, Kansi's roommate, Zahed Mir, reported Kansi missing. Then on Saturday, Mir reported receiving what sounded like a long-distance phone call from Kansi, telling Mir he'd had to leave town in a hurry, that someone would come by to pick up his belongings and that he would not be returning.

After a cursory search of Kansi's room turned up an AK-47, Mir called police. They came out on Monday a week after the shootings - and interviewed Mir, who consented to a search of the apartment. The AK-47 was matched by ballistics to a bullet recovered from the shootings. A spent cartridge found at the murder scene had a fingerprint that matched one of those Kansi had been required to provide on his immigration papers. Inside a suitcase belonging to Kansi, investigators found the Makarov and Beretta purchased from Bittle, along with 550 rounds of ammunition for the AK. They also found clothing that matched a description provided by eyewitnesses to the CIA murders.

On Tuesday – a week after Fischer

and Britton Condon had fingered Kansi to the disinterested ATF agent - an arrest warrant for Kansi was issued.

Patrick D. Hynes, who heads the ATF's Washington field office, issued a "vigorous denial" of the accounts given by Britton Condon, Fischer and Sheriff Bittle. Hynes denied that ATF was in any way responsible for Kansi's escape, and implied that Condon, Fischer and Bittle were all liars.

Hynes, who refused to identify the investigating ATF agent, said that agent and another who subsequently stopped by the gun store were never told anything about Kansi by anyone. After declining to make the pair available for interviews, he told *The Washington Post* that the two agents were willing to provide sworn statements. After further consultation with the agents, though, he said such legally binding documents were "unnecessary."

Referring to the first agent to visit the gun store, Hynes said, "You're talking about a guy that's a law enforcement officer for 11 years. This guy wants to solve the case and wants to be a hero. He would have followed it up.

"It's not that he doesn't recall" Condon and Fischer identifying Kansi as a suspect, Hynes added. "He says it never happened."

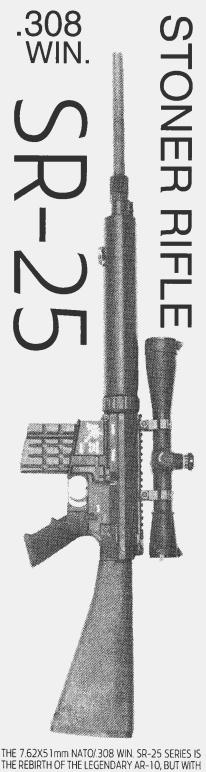
It's academic — probably laughable — to Kansi. With a \$1 million reward put on his head by the FBI, he remains at large in Asia. \times

USS MAYAGUEZ

Continued from page 61

At this point U.S. officials still believed the crew was on Koh Tang Island. After being airlifted to Utapao Air Base in Thailand, BLT 2/9 readied to launch its rescue. The operation would kick off at dawn on 15 May with a force of 227 Marines.

One group of leathernecks would secure the *Mayaguez*, still anchored off Koh Tang. The 48 Marines, six Navy EOD personnel, one Army captain who spoke Cambodian and six civilians would transfer from CH-53 transport helicopters to the destroyer USS *Harold E. Holt*. This vessel would pull alongside the *Mayaguez* so the Marines could recapture it. The EOD men would search for booby traps and the civilians would operate the ship



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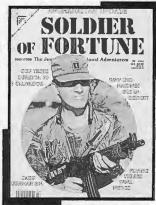
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once she was secure.

"At first we thought about landing on top of the containers on the deck, but no one could tell us how many Cambodians were on the ship or what kind of weapons they had," recalled Marine Capt. Walter Wood. His group left Utapao shortly before 0230 on 15 May. As dawn broke, the three choppers carrying the boarding party rendezvoused with the *Holt* off Koh Tang Island. Since the choppers were too big to land on the destroyer's small helipad, the Marines descended rope ladders to its deck.

Holt Commander Robert Peterson recalled aiming his binoculars at the cargo ship anchored dead in the water. He had noticed six heavily armed Cambodians on the deck. "I chuckled to myself, because in about 90 seconds those jerks were going to get one hell of a surprise."

As Peterson's destroyer drew within 500 meters of the objective, Air Force jets swooped down, dousing the *Mayaguez* with tear gas. Marines crouched along the *Holt*'s rail with protective masks on and weapons ready. "Let's go Marines! Let's go!" Wood shouted as the two ships touched - it was 0728.

Leathernecks swarmed over the *Holt*'s side. One group cautiously secured the bridge while others began a methodical search of the ship. The six armed Cambodians had disappeared, perhaps swimming for the mainland.

"It was tough going," Wood said. "It was unbelievably hot on that old tub. There was no power and it was dark as hell below deck." By 0830 the Stars and Stripes waved above the *Mayaguez*. The ship had been recovered without a shot. Koh Tang was another story.

The assault on Koh Tang involved 179 Marines under Lt. Col. Austin's command. The objective: securing a small piece of real estate about three miles long and two miles wide. "Our first element would consist of a reinforced rifle platoon. They would land on the western end of the island," Austin explained. "The other element consisted of two rifle platoons supported by an 81mm [M29] mortar section. They would land in the eastern zone."

The sun rose on eight CH-53s approaching Koh Tang. As the lead helicopters neared their eastern landing zone, they ran into a hail of antiaircraft fire. One went down just offshore as another crashed on the beach. A third chopper managed to drop its Marines after taking fire, then crashed into the gulf about a mile away.

"We had just been told to lock and load," said Larry Yerg, then a private first class. "All of a sudden there was an explosion and the chopper went out of control. We hit the ground so hard everyone was thrown into the middle. I could smell smoke. Someone started yelling, 'Get out! This son of a bitch is going to blow up!'

"We were in the middle of the beach. As soon as we stepped off the choppers we came under fire. Man, there wasn't even a seashell to hide behind. The only thing we could do was to try and get out into the surf and hope the Cambodians would forget about us. I was standing in waist-deep water when something slammed into my left shoulder. Next thing I knew, I was face-down in the water." A corpsman rescued Yerg, but 14 other Americans died in the assault - 10 Marines, two Navy men, one airman and another Marine KIA by a Cambodian claymore mine. Added to the fatalities were numerous wounded.



Things were going slightly better on the island's western end, where U.S. helicopters came under heavy fire, but none were shot down. However, one chopper was hit and had to abort; of the remaining three, only one landed where it was supposed to.

"We were scattered across hell's half-acre," Austin said. "Fortunately I could communicate with all of my companies. I told them to forget about our original mission. We were in no condition to rescue anyone. In fact, I was afraid someone was going to have to rescue us."

On the destroyer USS Henry B. Wilson, Commander J. Michael Rodgers watched through binoculars as the battle raged on Koh Tang. There were more than enough Cambodian targets for his ship's 5-inch guns, but so far Austin hadn't requested any fire support. Then a lookout shouted that men were in the water. "There was a strong current and they were being swept out to sea," Rodgers said. "I stopped the ship and we put our gig in the water."

According to Yerg: "I had lost a lot of blood and was drifting in and out of consciousness. I heard some-

one yell there was a ship coming toward us. I looked up and saw them put the gig in the water. When I saw that, I started crying like a baby."

Oblivious to the firefights on the island, a Cambodian gunboat was escorting the *Mayaguez* crew's fishing boat to Koh Tang. "We had been underway about an hour when the gunboat signaled for us to stop." Miller said. "The English-speaking officer hopped on our boat and ran to the wheelhouse, then he came to where I was standing. Without any explanation, he held out his hand and told me goodbye, then hopped back on the gunboat and hauled ass back to Kompong Som."

Earlier that morning Miller had ordered his crew to tie their white Tshirts to long bamboo poles. Should their fishing boat be pounced on by U.S. planes, Miller wanted banners a blind man could see. Just before 0900, the crew spotted their ship off Koh Tang. Then they heard the planes — "I told every man to start waving those flags," Miller said.

Having retrieved the unlucky Marines from the gulf, the Wilson was also headed toward the Mayaguez. "We were listening to a patrol plane report that it had spotted some kind of boat heading toward the ship," Rodgers said. "I knew we would be getting orders to intercept, so I turned in that direction. We had our fire control radars locked on the target and were ready to blow the ship out of the water if she made a hostile move."

"First they said it was some kind of pleasure craft. Then the pilot got all excited and said he could see Caucasians on deck waving white flags," Rodgers said. He soon observed them as well: "I could see them crowded on the foredeck."

Rodgers reached for a PA system microphone. "Are you the crew of the Mayaguez?" — his voice boomed out over the water. Miller shouted back requesting permission to come alongside. They went aboard the Wilson at 1107. One minute later the Oval Office phone rang in Washington with news that the crewmen were safe on an American destroyer.

For hours the skies over Koh Tang were filled with tactical aircraft covering the Marines' withdrawal. To ease the extraction, one C-130 Hercules

"He downed four North Koreans before emptying the clip...and then charged, swinging the pistol like a club." **BEHIND THE LIN** THE JOURNAL OF U.S. MILITARY SPECIAL OPERATIONS They're America's elite fighting forces-SEALs, Special Forces, LRRPs, Rangers, Marine Force Recon, Air Commandos. Read about their true-life missions, history, tactics, arms and more. Special warfare by those who fought it. The Men. The Missions. The Untold Story. It's all in Behind The Lines! SIGN ME UP! for 1 full YES! Send me a TRIAL year, 6 bimonthly issues for issue! Enclosed is \$4. \$24 (\$35 foreign). Name Address Subscribe City, State, Zip ____ VISA or MC No. Exp. Date Today! Make checks payable to BEHIND THE LINES, PO Box 456, Festus, MO 63028 SF

bombed Cambodian positions with a 15,000-pound daisy cutter, the largest non-nuclear weapon in the U.S. inventory. At 2010 the last American left the island, airlifted with other BLT 2/9 Marines to the carrier USS *Coral Sea*.

In retrospect, one tragic aspect of the rescue operation was that there was never any need to attack Koh Tang. The *Mayaguez* crew had been released at sea before the assault started, yet the lack of direct communications with Cambodia prevented American authorities from knowing this.

Miller visited the Wilson's sick bay to thank the brave young airmen and Marines there. "It was the most moving experience of my life." Miller said. "I had to fight to hold back the tears. The only thing I could think about were those kids — those brave young men. They were fighting and dying for me. At that moment I was so damn proud to be an American."

Richard Harris is a Texas based freelance writer. ⋊

THROUGH THE WIRE

Continued from page 35

As Watkins crawled down the hallway, several explosions ripped through the building. He rubbed his eyes in disbelief as he saw two officers looking out a nearby window. "I told the officers to get down on the floor or they weren't long for this world."

By then men in camp began to put up flares, lighting the camp-turnedbattlefield.

At some point, an AC-130 Spectre gunship with four miniguns and two 20mm cannons arrived over CCN.

"Spectre did a hell of a job," Watkins said. "They dropped flares and caught some NVA in the wire, plus they were able to hit a couple of pockets of NVA in the camp."

Good Morning, Vietnam

At first light, Lieutenant Colonel Roy Bahr led a relief force from FOB 1 down the coast of the China Sea into FOB 4, clearing all NVA sappers who had escaped north along the beach from the camp after Spectre arrived.

Also at first light, SF troops tracked two NVA soldiers to an outside latrine at the northeast corner of the compound. Accounts of this are mixed: One officer said the NVA killed themselves with a frag grenade; a second account said the SF troops opened fire on the latrine, venting pentup anger over the carnage wrought by the daring NVA night attack.

Staff Sergeant Robert J. "Spider" Parks returned to FOB 4/CCN shortly after first light. "It was a sight I'll never forget," Parks reminisced recently. The road into camp ran from the highway along the northern edge of the perimeter, with turn-offs for the helicopter pad, headquarters, and at the eastern end of the road, for the NCO club, mess hall and Recon Company.

As Parks walked down that road "it looked like a hazy movie scene. There was a haze hanging over the camp you could still smell the cordite from all the weapons fire. People were running around, some of them still dazed by the night's tragic events ...

"There were still some sappers around in the camp and snipers firing down from Marble Mountain. The

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NVA fired on the ambulances leaving camp as well as the one pulling in. People in the camp got organized and linked up with the relief force Colonel Bahr brought in from Phu Bai."

Parks pulled out his camera and took pictures of the dead enemy, including the NVA soldier Watkins killed with his .45. Some are included here.

Later that day, Watkins and several SF and indigenous recon troops went to Marble Mountain and found the sand table the NVA had used to rehearse their attack on FOB 4/CCN.

The Enemy Within

There were several facts about the attack which were confirmed by Watkins and numerous survivors interviewed shortly after the FOB 4/CCN massacre:

• "It was obvious they had worked months on the attack ... the NVA had good intelligence from inside the camp which helped them pick that night for the attack," Watkins said.

• Prior to the attack, warnings about security problems along the southeast perimeter, where locals walked through the barbed wire, were ignored. Additionally, the local security force appeared to cooperate with the NVA instead of defending the camp. NVA weapons and satchel charges had been cached *inside* FOB 4/CCN.

• The attack could have been worse: Some NVA troops carried maps which the local Viet Cong had drawn *upside down*. Thus, they ignored the indigenous recon billets at the southeastern corner of the compound, instead hitting the BOQ at the northern side of the compound. "That was a major mistake, because the recon indig reacted quickly and severely hurt the NVA that night. In '68, the indig at FOB 4 were outstanding and they stood tall that night," Watkins said.

• "We were very fortunate in another aspect," said Bahr, "because after our commanders meeting, many of us flew back to our FOBs. Thus, when we heard about the attack, I was able to put together the reaction force. We flew down in Kingbees (Vietnamesepiloted H-34s) before first light ... otherwise the losses could have been much more crippling."

• Many SF troops reacted slowly because there was too much boozing the previous night.

The total of 17 SF troops killed at

and full instruction manuals. These units are made in

Russia and are manufactured to Military specifications

FOB 4/CCN "was the heaviest USASF loss in a single incident in SF history," according to *Green Beret* magazine. Plus, "In the subsequent three days, eight more USASF were killed, six at Duc Lap" – Special Forces A Camp (A-239).

According to Green Beret, those killed at FOB 4/CCN were: SSgt. Talmadge H. Alphin Jr. • Pfc. William H. Bric III • Sgt. 1st Class Tadeusz M. Kepczyk · Sgt. 1st Class Donald R. Kerns • Sgt. James T. Kickliter • Master Sgt. Charles R. Norris • Sgt. Maj. Richard E. Pegram Jr. • 1st Lt. Paul D. Potter • Master Sgt. Rolf E. Rickmers • Spec. 4 Anthony J. Santana • Master Sgt. Gilbert A. Secor • Sgt. James W. Smith • Sgt. Robert J. Uyessaka • SSgt. Howard S. Varni • Sgt. 1st Class Harold R. Voorheis • Sgt. 1st Class Albert M. Walter • Sgt. 1st Class Donald W. Welch.

A frequent contributor to SOF with chronicles of the daring exploits of special operations troops in the Vietnam war, Isaac Staats has been there, done that, and now is a California based journalist. \aleph

TROPHY TREK

Continued from page 37

an impossible shot, but a difficult one that is also very deadly if it is handled right." The bull faced away from them at a slight angle; Brown had only a partial view of his target's neck. He placed the cross hairs of his Bausch & Lomb scope low on the animal, so the bullet would go through its shoulder and then into the neck — Brown's shot was ideal.

Cape buffalo are among Africa's most dangerous animals. A wounded buffalo can kill a hunter before the man even realizes he is being charged, so every professional hunter/guide wants his hunter to make an incapacitating shot that keeps the animal down and the hunting group out of the trees. Brown did so — he, Lexon and Gioia were able to walk up to the mortally wounded bull to give it a mercy shot.

From the moment Lexon started into the bush until Brown shot and then turned off his stopwatch, the stalk took 12 minutes, 36 seconds. Finally, for Brown, everything worked right on a buffalo hunt.

In the skinning shed later, the bullet that kept Brown's buffalo down was found in the shoulder opposite the entry point. This RWS 300-grain monolithic solid bullet had entered the bull's left shoulder, turned into and shattered its spine, then turned to lodge in the right shoulder — a perfect shot.

For information on SOF's 1994 South African hunt, contact Galen Geer at P.O. Box 808, Canon City, CO 81215.

Galen Geer is SOF's Contributing Editor for Outdoor Affairs. 🛪

RENT-A-GURKHA

Continued from page 31

R&R, and sent hone to Nepal every six months. Each team is accompanied by liaison officers from both Renamo and the Mozambican armed forces, and works closely with the International Red Cross.

Because mining of roads was such a widespread and successful tactic of Mozambican guerrillas during more than 20 years of anti-colonial and then civil war, antipersonnel and antitank mines are found on virtually every road in the country. No records of their locations or types were kept, and many of the mines shifted during successive rainy seasons so that even areas adjacent to roadways are dangerous. Nearly all the mines discovered are former Warsaw Pact devices but some captured from colonial Portuguese warehouses still infest the African landscape.

As locals observe the Gurkhas calmly going about their hazardous task, they are filled with amazement and gratitude — especially gratitude, because as the Gurkhas clear stretches of road, the Red Cross brings in aid, and because the villagers themselves can resume pre-war patterns of movement and commerce without fear of death from the menace of hidden explosives.

Gurkhas on GSG contracts spent six months in Kuwait clearing the whole spectrum of bang-bangs used by both sides during the Gulf War, and came to be regarded as the best operators in the theater. There they



used state-of-the-art equipment and techniques learned during service with the British army, and cleared their sector ahead of schedule. Despite the fact that much of the ordnance they located in the desert had been subjected to a great deal of stress and was in highly unstable condition, they neutralized or destroyed everything they found — without casualties. By contrast, primitive conditions in Mozambique require that most detection, clearing and disposal is done by hand, often with a good deal of improvisation.

In addition to guard duties, minelifting and local security forces training, other GSG contracts involve embassy protection and U.N. deployment aid. There are Gurkhas guarding American embassies in Bahrain, Abu Dhabi and Dubai; Gurkhas in Yugoslavia driving U.N. aid trucks, Gurkhas guarding diamond mines and oil facilities in Africa, and Gurkhas conducting anti-piracy patrols off the shores of Africa. In total, nearly 250 Gurkhas are currently on GSG's payroll and the company maintains a large data base of prospective employees. Interested clients should plan a sixweek lead time, and normally are required to make the arrangements for getting the Gurkhas into their country and providing them with equipment and weapons.

So — do you think you need a Gurkha platoon, or better yet, a Gurkha battalion? A 1000-man battalion, exclusive of weapons, will cost \$2.5 million to assemble at your location, and \$1.5 million per month in operating costs. You can get a lot done with a thousand Gurkhas. Perhaps U.N. officials should consider a few divisions of them for duty in Somalia or Bosnia. Just call GSG.

S. W. MacKenzie is a frequent SOF contributor on African topics.

FINEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD

What is a Gurkha? Back when the British Empire was spreading over the surface of the globe, the benevolent rule of the Crown met with occasional resistance which had to be put down, gently, or often, not so gently. In Nepal, however, the armed forces of the Crown got stopped cold by the ferocious local tribes. Rugged terrain and fierce, militant fighting men repeatedly cleaned the figurative imperial clock. Eventually reason prevailed with the signing of a treaty, one of the provisions of which allowed local warriors to be inducted into the British army. "Gurkha" originally referred to a village and area in Nepal, but now has come to mean any of the hill tribesmen who fight for pay in the British, Indian or Brunei armies. The Indian government, one of the most stridently (and hypocritically) anti-mercenary regimes in the world, actually has 15 battalions of Gurkhas in its service. One of them is an elite parachute unit.

Selection for military duty is extremely rigorous, and only the cream of applicants are accepted. Inducted under a 1947 agreement between the Nepalese, the Indians and the British, Gurkhas are trained to exacting British army standards. Since most recruits are from remote mountain villages and can neither read nor write, getting them up to speed requires a bit of extra effort which is repaid tenfold by loyal, unwavering devotion. In many families it has become a tradition to have a son in the Gurkhas, and



pressure to get accepted is intense. British Gurkha regiments have a mix of European and Gurkha officers and NCOs, and Indian army Gurkha regiments have a similar structure. Curiously, as a result of international arrangements, Gurkha soldiers are paid the same amount whether serving the Crown, the Sultan or New Delhi. More Gurkha soldiers were on active duty with the British army during World War II than before or since, and now, with current defense cuts, they are being cut back to only 2,000 men.

Gurkhas in the British army used to spend a minimum of 12 years in the ranks, more usually 15, with officers serving even longer. Now, however, they are being forcibly retired and, despite having given years risking their lives for the Crown (and their pay checks), and paying British income taxes, they don't leave with many perks. Returned to their poor villages in Nepal, they don't get British citizenship. Nor do they even get preferential treatment when applying for visitors' visas to the United Kingdom. Also, except under very special circumstances, they are not allowed to work in England. They do, however, get a pension, and a hearty "thanks a lot, chaps."

A typical Gurkha is about 5'7"

and stocky, with a wheat-colored complexion. Intelligent and pleasant, they make almost ideal soldiers. They are polite, hospitable, friendly (except to foes), incorruptible, incredibly loyal, and tough, really tough.

As a famous Gurkha officer, Sir Ralph Turner, M.C., M.A., reminisced, "... my comrades, the stubborn and indomitable peasants of Nepal. Once more I hear the laughter with which you greeted every hardship. Once more I see you in your bivouacs or about your camp fires, on forced march or in the trenches, now shivering with wet and cold, now scorched by a pitiless and burning sun. Uncomplaining you endure hunger and thirst and wounds; and at the last your unwavering lines disappear into the smoke and wrath of battle. Bravest of the brave, most generous of the generous, never had a country more faithful friends than you." Fine tribute, indeed, for some of the finest soldiers in the world.

— S.W.M. 突

FOREIGN LEGION

Continued from page 53

and safety personnel than firers.

"Safety first" should not control realistic preparation for battle. These Spartan warriors should train for war-fighting with maximum realism, under stressful conditions as close to battle as can be replicated. Training doctrine would be: "The more sweat on the training field, the less blood on the battlefield."

Initially, during individual and unit training cycles, U.S. Special Forces would be ideal trainers — one A team per rifle company. They'd teach the basics — shoot and salute, to the more complicated stuff — scoot and loot.

AFL members would take an oath just as U.S. armed forces members do to swear to defend the Constitution of the United States. Discipline would be Brown Shoe Army and NCO justice would be the law. Great pride would come from being in one of the toughest, most demanding and highly disciplined forces in the world. As Arnold Joseph Toynbee said, "The sterner the challenge to men, the finer the response."

Hopefully, every member of AFL would be airborne/Ranger-qualified and units would be capable of conducting airborne operations. The AFL





SF Capt. Daniel Egan (center right) describes guerrilla attack on National Training Center in La Union, El Salvador in October '85, as SF troops and Salvadoran medics load the worst wounded aboard U.S. MilGroup commander's UH-1H for medevac. When American SpecOps troops are deployed under fire as "advisers," political niceties require they lose combat awards. Could a foreign legion serve as well, less hampered by political correctness? Photo: Greg Walker/J. Guzman

should wear a distinctive uniform. Heroism awards should not be given for "having been there" or "just doing the job."

One can anticipate objections to the formation of an AFL. The Army chief of staff and USMC commandant will scream bloody murder, seeing a rival for defense dollars and roles and missions. Some members of Congress will heard of the 1775 mercenaries like La Fayette, Kosciuszko and that little fag Baron Von Steuben who drilled Washington's troops with such Teutonic precision and delight.

object to the

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the Saudis and Kuwaitis

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A mercenary Army? No. A band of great warriors configured to fight the wars of the future, yes. This is the Army in which I should like to fight.

America's most decorated living

veteran, Col. David Hackworth served 25 years in the U.S. Army, and in 1989 authored the international best seller About Face. Hackworth continues his career.as a military analyst and journalist, and is a frequent contributor to SOF.X

MERCY KILLINGS?

Continued from page 65

and the Branch Davidians, like ordinary persons, would ... conclude that survival was in their self-interest and surrender. This ill-fated assumption runs contrary to all of the relevant behavioral science and psychiatric literature.

"Furthermore, there was direct empirical evidence supporting the assumption that the Branch Davidians ... were in the 'gamble with death' mode," Stone observed. "The direct evidence for this was their response to the ATF's misguided assault. They engaged in a desperate shoot-out with federal law enforcement, which resulted in deaths and casualties on both

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sides ... Branch Davidians were willing to ... kill or be killed as martyrsuicide victims defending their 'faith.' The idea that people ... expecting the apocalypse would submit to tactical pressure ... flies in the face of their past behavior in the ATF crisis.

"I am now convinced that the FBI's noose-tightening tactics may well have precipitated Koresh's decision to commit himself and his followers to this course of mass suicide. The official reports have shied away from directly confronting and examining the possible causal relationship between the FBI's pressure tactics and David Koresh's [suicide] order to the Branch Davidians. I believe that this omission is critical, because if that tactical strategy increased the likelihood of the conflagration in which 25 innocent children died, then that must be a matter of utmost concern for the future management of such standoffs."

Destroying The Crime Scene

Jamar's unilateral decision-making throughout the operation upset William Johnston, the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the Waco office, the DOJ report notes. Johnston wrote a

23 March 1993 letter to Reno's office, complaining "that the FBI was destroying important trajectory evidence" by removing vehicles from around the Branch Davidian complex that had been used for cover by ATF agents during the shoot-out.

"Johnston expressed his concern that the FBI was ... making no effort to preserve the crime scene ... It appeared to Johnston that whatever the FBI wanted, it got," according to the DOJ report. As a result of his complaints, Johnston was removed as lead attorney from the case. The DOJ named Ray Jahn and his wife, both assistant U.S. attorneys in the San Antonio office, to take charge of prosecution.

FBI agents at the scene even angered each other, according to the DOJ report. The tactical teams and the negotiators "were not always coordinated and, on occasion, were in conflict with each other ... The negotiators felt that the negotiating and tactical components of the FBI's strategy were more often contradictory than complementary." For instance, each time in early negotiations that Koresh made some concession, it was followed by punishing tactics - the cutoff of electricity, bright lights, loud music, etc. from the tactical teams. This eventually prompted Koresh to renege on promises for other concessions, citing the negative results of earlier agreements.

"For their part, the tactical personnel reported they were often unaware of the status of the negotiations," notes the DOJ report, which goes on to detail the anger of tactical-team members at the negotiating team's telling Branch Davidians to remove a .50caliber sniper rifle from a window. The tactical team also knew about the sniper rifle - and could tailor their movements accordingly. But now they had no idea of where the Davidians had repositioned this weapon. As for Jamar, the site commander "believes all supervisors were given the necessary information, and is unaware of any failure in communication."

Abandoned Negotiations

Backed by the opinions of expert psychologists and psychiatrists, negotiators also complained about the continued participation of ATF agent James Cavanaugh in the negotiations. He not only participated in the initial raid, but was one of its commanders.

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Jamar overruled repeated recommendations that Cavanaugh be removed even though his presence was a deterrent to establishing trust between negotiators and the barricaded cult members.

ATF agents also were assigned to assist Texas Rangers with their investigation of the raid. The DOJ report confirms how ATF remained directly involved in both negotiations and the raid investigation almost until the day of the fire.

Stone's independent investigation reveals that by 21 March — not yet halfway into the siege — the FBI had already abandoned negotiation, except as a means of communication, in favor of tactical pressure as a way to resolve the standoff. It was a fatal mistake.

"The FBI hoped to break Koresh's hold over his followers," Stone wrote. "However, it may have solidified this unconventional group's unity in their common misery ... The FBI agents did not adequately consider the effects of these tactical actions on the children ... I can testify from personal experience to the power of CS gas ... Ironically, while the most compelling factor used to justify the Waco plan was the safety of the children, the insertion



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of the CS gas, in my opinion, actually threatened the safety of the children ... I find it hard to accept a deliberate plan to insert CS gas for 48 hours in a building with so many children. It certainly makes it more difficult to believe that the health and safety of the children was our primary concern. As a physician. I have concluded there are serious unanswered questions about the basis for the decision to deploy toxic CS gas ... Further inquiry will be necessary to resolve the many unanswered questions. Based on my own medical knowledge and review of the scientific literature, the information supplied to [Reno] seems to minimize the potential harmful consequences for infants and children ...

"In my discussion with the Justice Department, I encountered a certain skepticism" about the conclusions he reached, Stone wrote. But he added he was "quite reassured by interviews with the FBI's behavioral scientists and negotiators, who confirmed some of my impressions ... Because they share my belief that mistakes were made, they expressed their determination to have the truth come out, regardless of the consequences."

Stone continued: "What went wrong at Waco was not that the FBI lacked expertise in behavioral science or in the understanding of unconventional religious groups. Rather, the commander on the ground and others committed to tactical-aggressive, traditional law-enforcement practices disregarded those experts and tried to assert control and demonstrate to Koresh that they were in charge ...

"Koresh had an absolute need for control and domination of his followers that amounted to a mania. He also had the ability to control them. The intensity and depth of his ability and need to control is attested to by everyone in the FBI who dealt with him ... Unfortunately, those responsible for ultimate decisionmaking at Waco did not listen to those who understood the meaning and psychological significance of David Koresh's 'mania.' Instead, they tried to show him who was the 'boss.'

"The FBI apparently assumed that ... the war of stress would establish that they were in control, but would not convey hostile intent ... When the FBI thought they were at last taking control, they had in fact totally lost control of the standoff."

A frequent contributor and former

SOF Associate Editor, James L. Pate has provided ongoing coverage of the Waco tragedy and its aftermath. 🛪

PARTING SHOT

Continued from page 98

caused backups of 40 calls, requiring police to devise a kind of triage system.

But even better equipment can't seem to solve the department's more basic shortcomings. In the late 1980s the police began to phase in new 9mm service pistols. Within a short time, it became evident that such weaponry was beyond the grasp of many cops. Between early 1989 and late 1992, more than one out of every seven shots fired by Washington police officers was fired accidentally.

If some cops consider their guns hard to operate, others find police reports even more challenging. Gary Hankins, former head of Washington's police union, claims many young officers appear baffled by routine paperwork. "Reports they turn in may be unusable, unreadable," he says.

A Washington prosecutor says poorly written reports or incomplete police work can make it impossible to win convictions in criminal cases. The proof is in the courts: Between 1986 and 1990, about a third of murder cases brought by the police were dismissed. According to The Washington Post, police failed to arrest anybody in nearly half the city's murder cases between 1988 and 1990. And for the 1,286 killings during those years, only 94 people were convicted of firstdegree murder.

Obviously, until the city reforms its own police department, it's unlikely that additional warm bodies in uniform — whether they are National Guardsmen or Foreign Legionnaires — will be able to bring peace to Washington's streets.

Mr. Carlson is an editorial writer for the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette in Little Rock. A longer version of this article appeared in the winter 1993 issue of Policy Review. X



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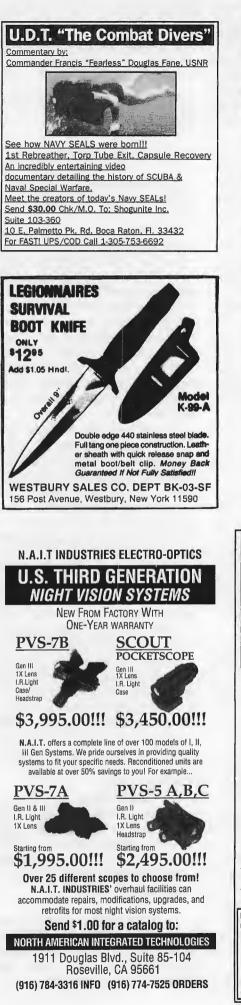
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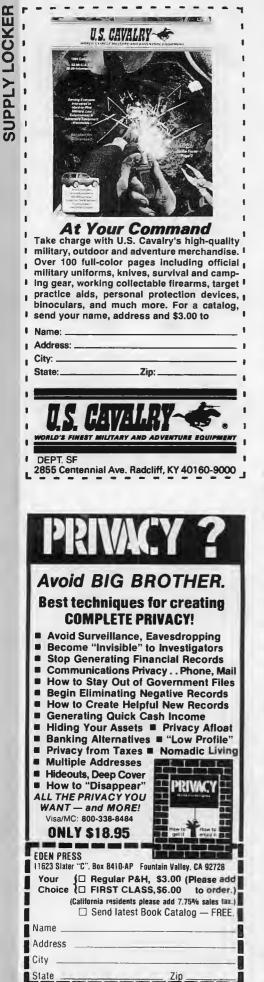
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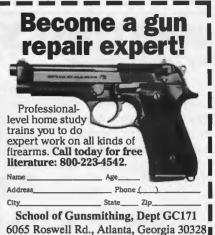
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Washington's Rule Of Law

PARTING SHOT

Although President Clinton eventually told Washington's mayor that he would not mobilize the National Guard to patrol the city's streets, he claimed to be "very sympathetic" to the idea. Who wouldn't be? Like many other American cities, Washington is a violent place. Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly's request, although criticized by many, was not illogical. It came around the time Washington had recorded its 376th homicide this year.

The problem with the request is that Washington already has enough police. In fact, it has more of them per capita than any city in America. So far, however, they haven't done much to control crime. Indeed, Washington residents are saddled with a police department that is inept and unresponsive at best, criminal at worst. How did this happen?

For years, Washington's police force enjoyed a repu-

tation as one of the best in the country. In the 1950s, it was not uncommon for detectives to solve all the district's murder cases in a given year. Then, in the mid-1970s, the city adopted a residency requirement for new police officers. The rule limited the pool of applicants dramatically by preventing experienced

cops from joining Washington's force without moving their families to the city. Although the regulation was later repealed, it caused the department to adopt slack hiring policies that remain in place.

Even with an affirmative action policy that adds points to the scores of candidates simply for attending Washington's public schools (and not necessarily graduating), many potential officers couldn't pass the police academy's tests. So the department changed requirements. In May 1985, a recruit at the police academy could be expelled for failing two exams. Seven months later, the same recruit would have to fail six exams to be sent packing.

But dropping the benchmark wasn't enough. Then-Mayor Marion Barry came to the rescue. His solution: appoint officers by lottery — the ultimate in equal opportunity. Even by Mr. Barry's standards, this was pretty wacky. Congress thought so, too, and ultimately squelched the idea in its budget appropriation for the city. But the spirit of nonjudgment lived on. In 1988, after 40% of graduating recruits failed the final comprehensive exam, the police academy abolished the test.

All this had a predictable effect on the caliber of Washington cops. "I saw people who were practically illiterate," says Mike Hubbard, a detective who spent five years training recruits. "I've seen people diagnosed as borderline-retarded graduate from the police academy."

Things had gotten worse by 1989, when, in an attempt to fight rising crime, the city hired nearly 2,000 new officers. "In our zeal to get as many officers on the street as are being demanded," said Deputy

"I've seen people diagnosed as borderline-retarded graduate from the police academy."

Chief Melvin Clark, "we kind of rushed the training process." That is a diplomatic assessment. Mr. Hubbard puts it simply: "We swore in entire classes – hundreds of people – without background checks."

Often it seemed that police officials weren't interested in what an applicant had done before signing up for a gun and badge. Like other cities, Washington seals the criminal records of juvenile offenders once they become adults. Apparently the policy is not to eliminate people with criminal juvenile pasts.

To find out more, I called the recruiting office and spoke with Investigator Debbie Reid. I explained that I wanted to join the force, but was worried that my "extensive juvenile criminal record" would make that impossible. "No," she assured me, "that alone will not keep you from coming aboard." I then told her that, truth be told, my juvenile record was pretty bad.

In fact, I said, I had spent considerable time in jail for an armed-robbery conviction. Surely that would disqualify me. Not necessarily, she said. "It depends on what your disposition was at the time."

As word of the department's new and inclusive hiring procedures leaked out, thousands took

advantage. "A lot of people who were in the drug rackets joined the police department," says former Washington cop Montague Holmes. "Some of them went straight when they joined the department, and some of them didn't."

Last year, 36 officers were indicted on charges such as dope dealing, sexual assault, murder, sodomy and kidnapping. In one instance, scores, perhaps thousands, of confiscated weapons (sloppy police recordkeeping makes it impossible to know the exact number) were stolen from a police warehouse by employees. At least one was later used in a murder.

Even honest officers often are ill-suited for police work. Aside from a basic agility test, the department applies almost no physical standards to recruits. For instance, it does not require strength or endurance tests, either of which might bring the city into conflict with the Americans With Disabilities Act. Candidates for the force, a recruiting pamphlet says, must be at least five feet tall and "carry proportionate weight." According to one officer, officials are lenient in determining how much weight is proportionate. As a result, he says, the force has a nationwide reputation for fat cops.

In addition to its personnel problems, the police department often operates with inferior and outdated equipment. Many station houses make do with rotarydial phones. Mr. Hubbard says the clerical equipment in his office consists of two manual typewriters. A report by *The Washington Times* found that in one police district 12 out of 19 patrol cars were out of service. In another district, a lack of cars sometimes

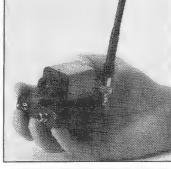
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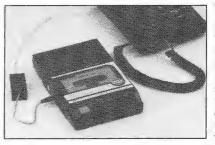
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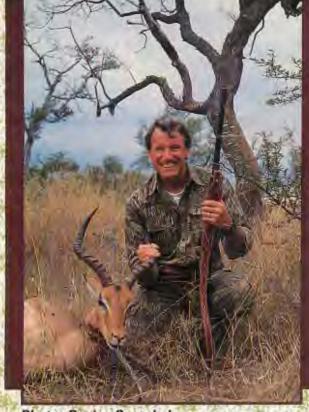


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